

Horizon

VIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

GENERALSHIP OLD AND NEW

by Major-General J. F. C. FULLER

THE SUITCASE HUNT

by JOHN BRYAN

FOR JEAN RACINE

by MARTIN TURNELL

THE BITTER LOZENGE

by MICHAEL WHARTON

REBIRTH OF ANCIENT MUSIC

by HANS F. REDLICH

EMS *by* J. R. ACKERLEY *and* CECIL DAY LEWIS

IEWS *by* HARRY RÉE, KATHLEEN RAINE *and Others*

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
COMMENT	9
MICHELDEVER	J. R. Ackerley 13
WAR POEM	C. Day Lewis 19
GENERALSHIP OLD AND NEW	Major-General J. F. C. Fuller 20
THE SUITCASE HUNT	John Bryan 25
FOR JEAN RACINE	Martin Turnell 29
THE BITTER LOZENGE	Michael Wharton 46
BIRTH OF ANCIENT MUSIC	Hans F. Redlich 58
ITSCH, CULTURE AND ADOLESCENCE	Harry Rée 65
SELECTED NOTICES	67

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LETTERS OF THE MONTH

SIR,

Mr. Herbert Read amusingly suggests in a recent number of *The Listener* that if there are official War Artists there should also be official War Poets. Without taking this suggestion literally, it nevertheless makes one think about both the poetry and the propaganda of this war.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war a *Times Literary Supplement* leader attacked poets for their failure to write the poetry of the war to save democracy. The writer (of this article) failed to notice that the poetry of the democratic war *has* been written by English, French, German and Spanish poets during the last ten years. Indeed, there was in Spain almost an 'official' war poetry, specimens of which were published in *Poems for Spain*. This poetry fell in line with the propaganda posters, photographs, information, etc., of the Spanish Republic.

It is true that this war has produced no poetry of *the idea for which we are fighting*, though it doubtless will produce a poetry and a painting of *war experience*. Why is it that the artists and poets show such a desire to stick to the facts, so little desire to generalize?

To an astonishing extent the bishops, leader writers, etc., have taken over the orthodox anti-fascist ideas of the political art of the last ten years. Yet the propaganda is strongly unconvincing and nearly always behind the times. No very serious attempt has been made on a sufficient scale to make people understand *why* we are fighting the war. Hundreds of people still think it was 'interference' on our part, remembering pre-war isolationist propaganda, which was not countered by suddenly raking up all the Left Wing arguments which isolationists rejected a year ago. The idea of a real democracy has not replaced the fear that we are fighting for all the inadequacy of the *status quo* of the past twenty years.

When something big happens like the Bill for the appropriation of property nothing is made of it. It is forgotten. It ought to be the stake which the common people have in democracy, and they should be made to realize it.

Mr. Nicolson quite rightly insists that we should think in terms of the big maps. But why are there not maps on the hoardings, as in the main square of Valencia there was a huge map of the war?

In a Democracy there should be equality of opportunity. Where this exists there is a passion for education, for those who inherit the earth wish to understand something about it. In Republican Spain, and in Russia, before 1935, we saw this.

There is a great opportunity now for the social revolution (which would make democracy democratic). Without this, is it possible to have a propaganda or a poetry, which seems anything but the resurrected corpse of 1914-1940?

Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN SPENDER

SIR,

In the Summer Number of *Kingdom Come*, Mr. Philip Toynbee describes, 'An Easter Journey', his state of mind when a former comrade cuts him dead for having left the Communist Party. In the course of this he makes the

W. H. Auden

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3/6

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following statement: 'If Stalin was really a villain there was nothing left except the melancholy cultural isolation which *Horizon* is now purveying. And how we'd despised all that before—the near-Communist intellectuals who have confused the Party with *Left Review*, who understood nothing of trade unionism who argued in terms of their irrelevant little integrities!' I think Mr. Toynbee should be corrected for likening *Horizon* to *Left Review*, for the latter is regrettably faithful to the Party Line, and *Horizon* is non-partisan; but I do think that while he is right in saying that *Horizon* has, up till now at least, chosen cultural isolation (and cannot be blamed for so natural a course), he is quite wrong in supposing that this attitude is the only alternative when the Stalin Gospel fails.

I can best illustrate the third possible attitude for the Socialist intellectual by referring to Robert Ardrey's play, 'Thunder Rock', at the Neighbourhood Theatre. The main theme of the play is the progress of civilization in spite of all disillusionment. It shows that those who gave up the fight ninety years ago were wrong to do so in the light of what has happened since, and we, therefore, should keep up our faith. But there is another point which the play brings out very forcibly: the only person who never loses his faith in the future is Briggs, an immigrant from the slums of the potteries, quite uneducated and with a life of misery behind him. He dreams of giving his children education and the fruits of the civilization for the technical progress of which the intellectuals are responsible. In fact, he *believes in* the intellectuals and goes on believing in them long after they have ceased to believe in themselves. My conviction is that intellectuals lose heart because they forget and so betray the hope which the workers place in them and the future. They feel isolated because they have no more illusions about the ruling classes. However, there are many who have maintained their allegiance to the class which bred them or with which they reason leads them to sympathize, and they are working now, as they have been for many years, in the ranks of the Labour Party and the I.L.P. Only one who has been taught in the Communist Party school could say, as Mr. Toynbee does, that 'Brutality and lies are part of a revolution, and only people with the virtues and vices of the Communists will ever achieve one'. Those who have worked with class-conscious workers, among whom the spirit of Keir Hardie's movement is still the criterion of decent struggle, will know that brutality and lies have nothing to do with the establishment of Socialism, and the very hope of a better order depends upon principles of decency and humanity being observed. They have been saying this for years against the Communist Party gramophone but it is almost too much when they have to say it also to those who leave the Party.

I am willing to accept *Horizon's* neutrality because I realize that many thinking people haven't the heart any more to go on thrashing out the problems which seem so irrelevant now—we must all feel that to some extent. But there will be a time when they become relevant again, and perhaps the new contacts which the war creates will revive the faith in one's fellow men with which there can be no success.

Yours, etc.,

GWEN OWEN

COMMENT

YEAR ago the *Thetis* sank. From hour to hour and in every country millions waited, hoped, feared, or choked in their own austrophobia. Hitler telegraphed his condolences to the King. When it is announced that thirteen Italian submarines have been destroyed in the last few weeks we smile at each other. Human beings have grown vegetable in self-defence, callous to the suffering of others, until it is their turn to clog the roads and rush frantically away from danger. An emotional cycle is established. Optimism, apprehension, Despair, Relief, Recrimination, Promise to Reform, optimism. This optimism is not a sign of independence or courage, it is a psychological habit, a refusal bred from years of soft living and illusion, tinned food and Greta Garbo, to face facts. It is the spirit which enables rabbits to go on playing while the boat threads among them; dissipated by reality it sinks to despair, and generates that indifference to the sufferings of others which is the most revolting effect of war. The optimism settles round its idols, Chamberlain, Gamelin, Ironside ('We're ready for them'), Heydrich, and when they fall moves on to abstractions; Immense resources, General Famine, General Winter, General Exhaustion. One detects the forms of propaganda familiar in Spain, by which everything becomes worthless once it is lost to us (Paris has no strategic importance), (Pétain was only a second-rate general, even in the last war), and operations which are unsuccessful disappear into silence ('The situation remains confused'). It is worth while to examine, while detachment can still find an outlet, some of these shortcomings.

'Understand the weapon, understand the wound.' This maxim John Cornford is seldom followed. We underestimate not only Hitler, but the dynamism of what he stands for. Fascism and Communism both arise from the decay of international capitalism, just as Calvinism and Lutheranism arose from the decay of the international Catholic Church. This decay was stopped by the Counter-Reformation. Unless Capitalism has such a Reformation the decay will continue. Communism is a revolt from Capitalism with a philosophical, Fascism with an emotional, basis. Hence the difficulty the two parties have in combining together (as in the civil war in East Anglia). Fascists always attack Capitalism as

Usury, which is a favourite word in their propaganda; the attack Liberalism for its belief in the perfectibility of human life and Democracy for its gullibility, lack of dignity, false standards and addiction to words. Communism believes that the proletariat after a long tutelage by the party minority, will inherit a perfect world, Fascism that the lower middle class, after long tutelage by the party minority, will produce those supermen who govern the imperfect world. Fascism involves a new feudalism rather than a new bureaucracy. Both revolutionary, Communism offers justice for the workers, Fascism adventure for the clerks. What does England offer? 'Our way of life.' But many people do not like our way of life, and too few can lead it, and here we come to one of the most important factors in world history to-day, and one that the intellectuals can do something to rectify. Our unpopularity. The Germans may be feared and hated, but a certain type of Englishman is certainly the most disliked person on earth. Hence the bewildering series of betrayals.

every day
over his green horizon
a fresh deserter rides away,
and miles away birds mutter
of ambush and of treason;

What is extraordinary is that the Englishman, when disliked is always disliked for the same reasons, whether it is by Latin Americans, Indians, Irish, or even Americans. 'Lord Plushbottom', who figures in a well-known comic strip, with his cold fishy eye and dangling blimp moustaches, his meanness, lechery, and animal selfishness, might be typical of the governing class as seen by a Russian cartoonist, not by the *Chicago Tribune*. The attacks made by D'Annunzio in Italy, by Beraud in *Guinguère* at the time of sanctions, were similar. They all condemn a certain type of cold, cautious, arrogant, rich, unlikeable sportsman. This is a type that is fifty years behind the times, and survives only as statesmen, soldiers, peers, or ambassadors 'of the old school' that is to say, in positions of power and in prominent contact with other races. The factories where this type is mass-produced are the public schools, and the barrage of criticism which the intellectuals have laid down for years on these ancient seats of learning is at last becoming effective. These marshalling yards

incapacity, these heavy concentrations of snobbery, envy and caution are being bombed out of existence, and their communications with the high offices of power are being cut. Our empire was not won by the public schools, it was won by the English of the eighteenth century; nor was our literature made by them. The public schools, as we know them, are entirely the creation of the last hundred years, and their function has been to produce an administrative class, to hold an empire, not to win one, to develop obedience, reliability, honesty, team spirit and collective responsibility. For a hundred years the public schools have fought Imagination, and with so much success that they have almost succeeded in extinguishing it in the ruling class. We are now faced with the extraordinary situation of fighting Germans who have more imagination than we have, for imagination combined with efficiency has characterized all the actions of the enemy in this war, and it is because Churchill has imagination that he is the one indispensable leader at the present time. But the public schools have discouraged leadership as well as imagination. They have been required to produce only civil servants and business men; the wild boy is as unwanted as the dreamer, and even the successful athletes, the potential adventurers, there were only the cautious rewards of a benevolent capitalism—openings in the city, or as secretary to a conservative member; vacancies for bookkeepers in breweries, jobs for centre-forwards in oil or tobacco companies, a bank in Shanghai. Now the public schools are proving a failure as a source of leadership; they are as unfitted to producing a Clive or a Nelson as a Shelley or a Keats. The virtue is leaving the public schools and passing to the secondary schools, and we are witnessing a gigantic reversal of values of the *status quo*, in which 'our way of life' has to be entirely remodelled before it can win.

Imagination is an intellectual quality: had cabinets and general staffs understood each other as well as the intellectuals of England, France and Spain, history would have been different. The Germans now talk about 'the battle for Europe which began in Spain 1936'. It was lack of imagination which cost us this battle: it might have been a friendly Spain and a united France, just as lack of imagination—in the shape of the fear of Bolshevism—cost us a European system of alliances at the time when we most needed them—or lack of imagination in the French High Command cost them their empire. It is important to realize this, because so many other causes

are blamed. Old Marshal Pétain blames Pleasure, and there is an all-round tendency to join in this. Presumably, if Germany lose the war it will be because Hitler had a sweet tooth or Goering was too fond of hunting! The onslaught against Pleasure releases latent puritanism and makes no attempt to discriminate between pleasures, or to note that it is not the Love of Pleasure, but the Fear of Love that characterizes the English. Pleasure is not inherently bad, nor is it to the discredit of the French that 'they are no the same as in 1914'—it would be lamentable if they were. No one should blame the French and English for having benefited so much from twenty years of civilization and relative prosperity that it is with extreme difficulty that they can cut down through this new layer to the brutal and primitive energies necessary to preserve it. They are not to be blamed for their difficulties in fighting Fascism, only for their lack of imagination in letting it grow. And for this all are to blame, Right and Left, English and French. France let Hitler over the Rhine, Blum the Socialist refused arms to Government Spain, Left Wing England cried 'Disarm and Fight'. Right Wing England funked Manchuria, the Czechs, and a Russian alliance. Laval sabotaged Sanctions, and, owing to the party fluctuations in France and England, no true Right Wing or Left Wing policy was ever consistently tried. As a great tree is doomed by a ring round its bark, so the collapse of France was implicit in the Russo-German pact, which added an enormous Left Wing party to the powerful Right who were already prepared to sacrifice their Country to their class. France divided, it would be easy to divide England and France, the two great xenophobe nations. In an article in this number, General Fuller the Tank expert, tells us the kind of life we should have led, and the kind of government he thinks we should have had in order to have promptly defeated Hitler. If we had had it, this magazine could not exist, nor could most of the contributors be writing in it. An article on Racine would be subversive, a poem on the Enclosures treason. In the next number D. R. Gillie, the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, will contribute a long essay on the events in France, and Hugh Kingsmill a study of Kipling. For *Horizon* believes in witch-hunts and recriminations, because it believes, against all evidence, that human beings can learn, can be improved, even to the extent of learning from the mistakes of others.

J. R. ACKERLEY
MICHELDEVER

(To Henry Cook, 1812-1831)

'The fate of Henry Cook excites no commiseration . . .'

The Times: January 3, 1831

I

At first I could not find you. Up and down
I searched in vain. This was the place, I knew,
The village church, and there beyond the turn
Your way from Winchester: but where were you?

Had Nature with your enemies combined
To hush you up? This dumb, frustrated stone—
Was it *your* name the fidget-fingered wind
Had smudged away, the rinsing rain undone?

Or this that when Earth shivered in the dews
Sank forward on its face—who lay below?
'Is this his place? Is this?' I asked. 'Whose? Whose?'
'The boy who died a hundred years ago.'

Here by the fields you tilled, beneath these limes
That sprouted with your life, no stone records
Your death although it figured in *The Times*;
You were buried that bleak evening without words.

No solemn prayer entreated that dark pit,
No epitaph your mortal memory furthered,
Though there was thought enough and words to fit:
They said in Micheldever you were murdered.

2

I know the pattern, here the pieces lie;
I fit them in, yet still the picture wants—
Some light, now shuttered, in the country eye,
A confident, proud manliness of glance,

For you'd been free beyond our now conceiving,
Who signed upon this soil your common will;
The web of law that nets us now was weaving;
You struggled in its meshes; we lie still.

And then it wasn't much, the thing you fought for,
You and your fellows all the country over;
You didn't rise as rose the men of Otmoor
Your ancient rights and heritage to recover—

The land, the people's land, by Domesday given,
By lord and lawyer lately filched away,
And with it all your uses from you riven;
You only claimed sufficiency of pay

To keep your souls and bodies still consorted
While lord and lawyer in your pastures thrived
And had you hanged, imprisoned or transported
For taking hare or bird to save your lives.

Who sauntered then at evening in this lane
With ease and independence in his soul?
By each new law degraded, nipped, restrained;
Reduced at last to charity's grudging dole,

Who danced upon the green? That year at Fawley
They yoked an idiot to the parish cart
For begging for relief. It was a story
You must have heard. And was it in this part

That harvest time, beneath a hedge, were found
Four labourers starved to death? None would have
known
They'd laid their cheeks but lately to the ground,
So shrunk the flesh on their poor thrusting bones.

And all the while before your famished view
The sacred pheasant flashed his jewelled ruff,
The rich the richer and the grander grew,
And parson toadied after them. Enough!

3

The wandering, armed and uninvited bee
Scarce begs or steals the sweetness that he licks,
But levies tribute on prosperity;
And thus the labourers called upon the rich.

Hedgerow and field their arsenal supplied;
Old scores were paid; rejected in his cart
Each parish launched its tyrant; far and wide
The burning ricks like rosebuds burst apart,

And Headley workhouse fell; the falling stones
Their martial music made: across the slain,
Usurping threshers' bright, newfangled bones
They came into their kingdom once again.

But what most moves me, like that Indian tree
Upon whose leafless, stricken-seeming boughs
Bloom sudden flowers, despite their miseries
They showed such moderation; then as now

They taught the wealthy manners; overhead
The gathering clouds as little mischief meant;
With dignity and wit and no blood shed
The paupers did the work of Parliament—

And almost won: adornment of the hour,
I gather from the shabby page this love,
This brittle, pressed, incalculable flower,
That local help against them would not move.

But that was only how the business started,
And you were dead before its course was run;
Six hundred of your fellows were transported,
And nine were hanged—from Micheldever one.

4

They say you shed some tears to hear your doom,
But put up no defence: at plough-tail bred
You could not read nor write, but in that room
The predetermined verdict plainly read.

No legal aid for you, nor might you plead
Your poverty for pity; come to that,
What judge would pause to pity one whose deed
Was knocking off the local J.P.'s hat:

They had you cold; you could not even bring
Your comrades to bear witness, for at once
Acknowledged sharers in your rioting
They shared your lot. Let's honour Harry Bunce!

The lovely fellow for his friend attested
Though cautioned of the fate that would betide him,
And when the judges ordered him arrested
Sprang up into the dock and stood beside him.

They exiled him for ever. But a few
More rigorous examples would be wise.
Stolid and oxlike, unattractive, you
Were naturally cast for sacrifice.

Some handicaps the press you could not read
Obligingly adjusted to your fate.
To hang a man's a more inspiring deed
Than hang a hungry boy. At any rate

It seemed as though they wanted to deprive
You now of next to nothing; work and pay
They lavished both and added to your life
Ten years before they took it all away.

And as a final warning not to knock
The gentry's hats or take from him that hath,
The learned law decided that your smocked,
Convicted mates should see you done to death.

This was life's end, this was life's summary,
Those anguished cries, and in the yard below,
Like withered leaves cast by the gallows tree,
The pale uplifted faces, swept with woe,

Who did not know what penalties they earned,
Nor anything save that they'd lacked their due:

Once they had had a cow and strip of land,
And then had nothing, nothing else they knew—

But held a strange, immovable conviction
That God had made the earth for all to share,
And equally for all without distinction
Had larded there the pheasant and the hare.

They were the best of course, the chaps of mettle,
But spirit can be broke as well as necks,
If skill enough be used, though not so brittle;
Some pined away between the transport's decks;

The rest? Who knows? Who cares? That distant spot
To whose deterrent worth your rulers gave
Such anxious, flogging thought is best forgot:
I fear they called you lucky in your grave.

Years later they were pardoned; few came back;
Exile was sweeter than the image in their eye
Of England's vaunted freedom and your black
And strangled body strung against the sky.

But when, the suffering over and the shame,
You journeyed home at last to Micheldever,
The parish all came out, as one they came,
They came as one to meet you like a lover,

And buried you in silence. No stone stands
Above your grave; the pious place admits
No knowledge of your keeping; loving hands
That dug there dared no more; your name is writ

In dandelions and nettles. But the lie
However deep we dig it perishes not,
Nor fails the cry of hope: a stranger I
Bring you this message: you are not forgot.

Out of the dark you sprang with hammer raised—
Then vanished; your defiance came to nought;
Your desperate blow the moment scarcely grazed;
No Hampshire guidebook names you; you're not taught

In school, where inconvenient disclosures
Might be unwise, and where your tale's a small,
Dry, unobtrusive chapter called 'Enclosures',
Not flesh and blood, not tears and pain at all.

Nor murder, no; not how the English gentry
Capitalized the land by fraud and force,
And when the dispossessed cried out for mercy
Choked them to death—judicially, of course.

But there's a legend lingers to this day
That when the sealing snow has shrouded over
The Hampshire hills and whited all away,
It stays not on your grave in Micheldever.

5

When these bright fields are dimmed, the lanes dusk-laden
And to the last bird's warning, sharp refrain
The fading landscape falters in its fading,
Does that forgotten army march again?

It marches, yes, but stones are turned to shot;
Now uniformed, more formidable, faster,
Your army has not ceased to march, but not,
Not now, not yet again, against its masters.

For still the fight continues. That astounds
You, doesn't it? Illiterate country chaps,
No doubt you thought an extra half-a-crown
Was all the stake at issue. But the traps

Were set for more than yokels. Ruthless eyes
Looked further than your petty fields for power.
Big business had begun, and other skies
Drew blood up with the dew. The greed and fear,

The struggle still goes on. We give it names
You'd never comprehend and we defend
What you contested, but the fight's the same;
You fought at the beginning, we at the end.

And all are in it now; across the world
 The dikes are down; in intricate dismay
 Gainer and loser both in the flood are hurled:
 Those tears you shed, we drown in them to-day.

The history upon which this poem is based is to be found in *The Village
 Courer*, 1760-1832, by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Longmans.

C. DAY LEWIS WAR POEM

They lie in the sunday street
 Like effigies thrown down after a fête
 Among the bare-faced houses frankly yawning revulsion,
 Fag ends of fires, litter of rubble, stale
 Confetti sprinkle of blood. Was it defeat
 With them, or triumph? Purification
 Or All Fools' Day? On this they remain silent.
 Their eyes are closed to honour and hate.

We cannot blame the great
 Alone—the mad, the calculating or effete
 Rulers. Whatever grotesque scuffle and piercing
 Indignant orgasm of pain took them,
 All that enforced activity of death
 Did answer and compensate
 Some voluntary inaction, soft option, dream retreat.
 Each man died for the sins of a whole world:
 For the ant's self-abdication, the fat-stock's patience
 Are sweet good-bye to human nations.

Still, they have made us eat
 Our knowing words, who rose and paid
 The bill for the whole party with their uncounted courage.
 And if they chose the dearer consolations
 Of living—the bar, the dog race, the discreet
 Establishment—and let Karl Marx and Freud go hang,
 Now they are dead, who can dispute their choice?
 Not I, nor even Fate.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER

GENERALSHIP OLD AND NEW

WHAT is generalship? The word itself gives us the answer. 'ship' denotes the state, condition or quality of a person and 'general' signifies the whole of a body or society, therefore generalship means the personal control of a complete or to organization, normally an army and more particularly so army during war.

This may appear platitudinous; yet a moment's thought will show that it is far from being so, because the character of war changes as the circumstances of civil progress change, and as war changes so do its instruments change; therefore, the control of them cannot in form remain constant. In brief, generalship, like doctoring or engineering, is a living science and art.

For example, in the year 1800, because Western civilization was agricultural in character, all nations were self-contained as regards food, and most as regards raw materials; therefore the requirements of war were very different from what they were a hundred years later, when so many countries had become industrialized. Therefore, also, the requirements of generalship had changed. It was of all recognition, because in 1900 they embraced many economic, financial, industrial and scientific factors which were not existent a century earlier. Nevertheless, right through the history of war, generalship has lagged behind its requirements.

We see this clearly in the World War. In 1914, though the organization and equipment of armies were vastly different from what they had been a hundred years earlier, generalship remained much the same, with the result that, once the first onrush had exhausted itself, stalemate followed, and finally the war collapsed through exhaustion.

When we look carefully at this conflict, we can discover the factors which not only shaped it, but which also pointed the way towards a new generalship. These factors, or lessons, were five in number, namely:

- . The increasing necessity for political authority in war.
- . The increasing necessity for national discipline in war.
- . The increasing necessity for economic self-sufficiency in war.
- . The increasing necessity for scientific weapons in war.

Whilst after the war these four lessons were set aside by the victors, the vanquished took them to heart. First we find Mussolini founding his Corporate State and then Hitler his National Socialist replica of it, and though they differ in detail, both clearly show us that, as under existing conditions of civilization war cannot be separated from peace, these four factors form the basis of the totalitarian régime, in which the head of the State becomes *facto* the General-in-Chief.

Such was the position of Mussolini during the Italo-Abyssinian war, and such is the position of Hitler in this present conflict. Whilst in the democracies generals remain the instruments of a government untrained for war, in the autocracies the head of the government is the true war lord and his cabinet his general staff, which organizes the whole nation for war. This may be lamentable, yet it is a fact.

Whilst the democracies went back to their old Parliamentary system of government; released their respective peoples from war discipline; returned to their old economics, and got rid of the bulk of their new scientific weapons, what did Hitler dream of eventually do?

Through various means he established an autocracy. In the winter of 1934 he said to me: 'The people are impotent, they cannot rule themselves; yet I cannot rule the people unless I am of the soul of the people'—that is their spiritual representative, their heart as well as their head. Unlike Marx, he did not believe that man is moved solely by his material needs. Instead, in this present war, that he is compelled forwards by the grandeur of the national ideal, and, in order to sustain it, Hitler has always been willing to sacrifice personal liberty and life itself. Again this may be lamentable, yet it is a fact.

Translated into terms of pure generalship, I will let Napoleon speak. He says:

The personality of the general is indispensable, he is the head, he is the all, of an army. The Gauls were not conquered by the Roman legions, but by Cæsar. It was not before the Carthaginian

soldiers that Rome was made to tremble, but before Hannibal. It was not the Macedonian phalanx which penetrated to Italy, but Alexander. It was not the French Army which reached the Weser and the Inn, it was the Turenne. Prussia was not defended for seven years against the most formidable European Powers by the Prussian soldiers, but by Frederick the Great.¹

In a similar strain Robert Jackson writes:

‘Of the conquerors and eminent military characters who have at different times astonished the world, Alexander the Great and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden are two of the most singular; the latter of whom was the most heroic and most extraordinary man of whom history has left any record. An army which before Alexander or Charles in its eye was different from itself in simple nature, it imbibed a share of their spirit, became insensible of danger, and heroic in the extreme.’²

For such leadership to fructify, Hitler saw that discipline had to be not only the foundation of his army but of his entire people, so that unity, dignity and solidarity might weld them into one whole. It was for this reason that he established his youth organizations and his labour battalions, and it was for this same reason that he broke down artificial class barriers, because they stultified the national spirit and fractionized the national discipline.

Realizing that in 1918 disciplinary collapse was due to economic exhaustion, Hitler determined that never again should Germany be placed in such a position. Therefore he set about to create an autarchic state—that is a condition of national self-sufficiency which would withstand the stresses and strains of war. Long before the present conflict, this had led to the production of many synthetic substances—oil, rubber, cotton, etc.—the true importance of which lies in the enormous stimulus they give to experimental science, which ultimately may lead to a complete revolution in the economic world.

Besides these three elements—personal leadership, national discipline, and national self-sufficiency—there is the fourth without which total generalship would be impotent. This is the application of scientific thought and experiment to weapons, power, organization and tactics.

¹ *Mémoires écrits à Sainte-Hélène*, Montheolon (1847).

² *A Systematic View of the Formation, Discipline and Economy of Armies*, Robert Jackson (1804).

Many years ago Baron von der Goltz wrote: 'One of the most important talents of a general we would call that of a "creative mind"; because to term it "inventive faculty" appears to us too low.' Originality, not conventionality, is one of the main traits of generalship. To do something that the enemy does not expect, is not prepared for, something which will surprise him and disarm him morally. To be always thinking ahead and to be always peeping round the corners. To spy out the soul of one's adversary, and to act in a manner which will astonish and confound him, that is generalship. To render the enemy's general ridiculous in the eyes of his men, that is the foundation of success. What, then, is the dry rot of generalship? The archduke Albert put his finger on it when he said:

There are plenty of small-minded men who, in time of peace, and in detail, are inexorable in matters of equipment and drill, and perpetually interfere with the work of their subordinates. They thus acquire an unmerited reputation, and render the service a burden, but they above all do mischief in preventing development of individuality, and in retarding the advancement of independent and capable spirits.

When war arises the small minds, worn out by attention to details, are incapable of effort, and fail miserably. So goes the world.¹

Also are the words of Marshal Saxe worth quoting, namely: Many Generals in the day of battle busy themselves in regulating the marching of their troops, in hurrying aides-de-camp to and fro, in galloping about incessantly. They wish to do everything and as a result do nothing.

If he wishes to be a sergeant-major and be everywhere, he acts like the fly in the fable who thought that it was he who made the wheel move.

How does this happen? It is because few men understand war in its larger aspects. Their past life has been occupied in drilling troops, and they are apt to believe that this alone constitutes the art of war.²

To add to say, much of this foolishness was by no means excluded from our generalship in this present war, nor by that of the French. It is also, strange to say, there is nothing our enemy has done

¹ *Les Méthodes de la Guerre*, Pierron (1889-1895).

² *Mes Réveries*, Marshal Saxe (1757).

which we could not have bettered, had we but taken our coats off and set to work, because we are more creatively-minded than he is.

So long ago as January, 1919, I wrote:

‘What we now want is a cheap army, economical in maintenance, power, i.e., a mechanical army, and the way to get it is to have

‘ (i) A thinking clairvoyant General Staff;

‘ (ii) The highest grade designers.

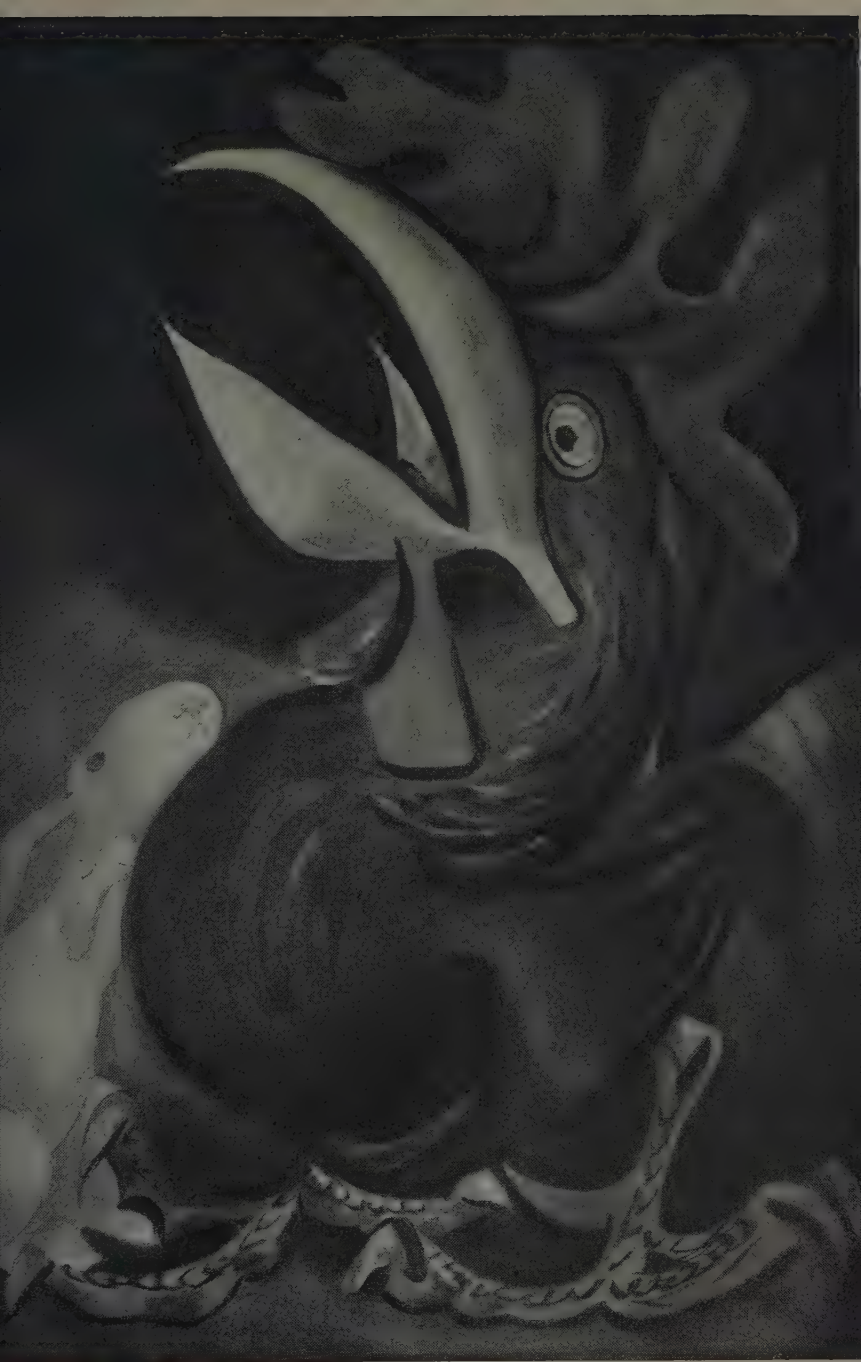
‘Both must be highly paid, for money is not only the token of worth but the incentive to work, it is the golden spur of progress.

‘In the past the General Staff has dealt chiefly with military metaphysics, in the future it will have to deal mainly with military mechanics. In the past a staff officer graduate examined in microscopic detail Jackson’s Valley Campaign. Most interesting, but scarcely sufficient; for in future he will have to examine the foundations of victory from the days of Rameses II to those of Marshal Foch. . . . He must study modern engineering journals and the old prints of hundreds of years ago depicting flame-throwers and gas bombs; these will set vibrating brain-waves which will awaken new designs. He must study the evolution of weapons—in fact, he must become an adept in war tool biology.

‘This is scientific preparation for war, the rest is one per cent

This is what our enemy set out to do in 1933, whilst had we only done so immediately the last war ended, seeing that we should have had thirteen years’ start, we could not have failed to outpace him.

On April 13, 1588, Francis Drake wrote to Queen Elizabeth I. ‘The advantage of time and place in all martial actions is half of victory; which being lost is irrecoverable.’ Herein lies the tragedy of our generalship.



'Cock and Rabbit' by Louis Fernandez, 1940.

JOHN BRYAN

THE SUITCASE HUNT

you ever go Alligator hunting? Well, you will now, because I'm going to take you.

I'll put on that awful-looking hat and those terrible boots, and I'll get in the little motor-boat that's waiting on the Ochabochee River in Florida.

There you'll find my grandmother and grandfather seated in wicker chairs side by side. My grandfather's leaning back, with his feet up across his knees. Dressed up, for him. High boots. My grandmother is wearing a yellow raincoat and a prodigious hat of white shaking flowers. And even though it's pretty early in the morning, with the sun spending light in all six directions, and the temperature not even started yet, she's started reading aloud to him.

My grandfather, the Judge of a nearby Civic Court, he affects amusement in discussing local politics. So there she sits on the edge of an alligator hunt, reading aloud, *The Life of John Bright*.

I'll sit on the ground and be seated now in some secluded corner, and I'll start the hunt. Bang! She's off. And we're chugging down the endless channel of sky, with the ripples twisting eel silver towards the distant river banks. My grandfather leans his head against a porthole and mutters about the decline of British Liberalism, or what he thinks it is. My grandmother is scrupulous to give each phrase its significant accent. I've gone through law-school to help him. He's heard whole stories from her. She's tired to death. But he's informed, and I'll be told of everything she's acquired for him.

The morning widens. The sun summons bigger heavens. The water-fowl begin to squawk, and the wasps know it's time to come out and feed the water-hyacinths. A turtle feels the chuckle of our motor and flops into the dazzling scum.

My grandmother lifts a grey eyebrow and says: 'Oh honey, a little more, please!'

The morning ripples in silver circles. 'Tom,' says my grandfather, 'Are you asleep? I was reading you *The Life of John Bright*.' 'What?' he says, suddenly opening his eyes and taking a firmer grip on his rifle. 'What's that you say, mamma?'

'Don't mamma ME! I was reading you *The Life of John Br*
And, besides, I saw a turtle.'

'You don't say. Where?'

'Where those ripples were. I think you'd better keep awa
honey, if you've any intention of shooting that new travelling
And you'll see a lot more if you keep awake, anyway.'

"During this stormy period of British administration,
Liberals were fighting to regain——"

We shall leave my snoring grandfather and my persever
grandmother and stare for a moment at the Everglades. But o
for a moment, as there's not much to see. Just an endless stre
of harsh saw-grass, springing up from the bituminous mu
infested with snakes, water-fowl, turtles, alligators, and Semir
Indians. It's one of those lapses of landscape where God was
applying Himself. The little launch chuggs up the endless s
streak of canal. We feel the wild silence closing round u
silence squirming with noon-drugged reptiles, and now and t
chipped by a width-hearted bird.

Now it's afternoon, and my grandparents have finished t
picnic-box lunch of sandwiches, mangoes, and alligator pe
The deck around my grandfather's chair is littered with
shells. A big sluggish stillness aches down from the azure. E
the little motor-launch seems drugged by it, and the ripples w
torpidly away towards the snoozing banks. The glare is blind
speckling the eyes with a dance of opals.

My grandfather leans his head against the porthole, plac
handkerchief over his large judicial face, and says through
'Well, go on reading, mamma.' His gun waits at his feet.

In spite of the inert landscape and the opiate drowth, my gra
mother continues reading with precision and click, as though
fine anxious mind were insisting every phrase to its brigh
possible meaning. She becomes so involved in the debates,
forgets my grandfather is snoring beside her. Her voice low
She is pulling the story into her breast now. Confiding v
history. Furtively endeavouring to detect its special whisp
Then suddenly she glances up. Her grey eyes widen into
world again.

On the mud bank, fifty feet ahead of the launch, she has
an alligator!

With a sly glance at her husband, she quietly closes the bo

as, picks up the gun, rises, bracing it against her coated shoulder and fires!

The flowers on her hat tremble. My grandfather nearly leaps out of his boots.

Mary! Mary! What was that?' he cries, grabbing his gun from her.

Your alligator,' she remarks calmly.

My alligator! Where? Where?' His pride is down. He is determined to dignify it. He sees the muddy reptile thrashing its tail in the reeds, lifts the gun and fires.

The Captain stops the launch.

I think you got him, Tom,' says my grandmother, slyly.

He frowns duskily as Nimrod, his grim mouth broadened with complacency. 'I believe I did, Mary,' he agrees.

The great nine-foot lizard is lying there sluggish with heavy eyelids and the big clouds of death that keep crowding up toward its head. A green trickle of life around its brain. The tip of its tail quivers. A small line of blood shines down its forehead.

You'd better shoot again,' says my grandmother, 'it may not be dead.'

Oh, I killed it!' says my grandfather. 'You can see for yourself. It's not making a move.'

It may just be waiting for you to make the next one,' suggests my grandmother. But my grandfather puts down the rifle and looks at the unhappy negroes from the little cabin. They emerge from the darkness with blue oily lustre; glistening with meridian. They make a noise from rope, and whirl these over the submissive victim's head and tail.

It comes floating to the side of the launch, belly upward, with a small yellow bird complaining above it.

Now boys,' boasts my grandfather, 'put it up here near us in the front. Mind the blood doesn't drip on our things.'

The ponderous reptile is hauled up into the prow. The negroes handle it with apprehensive caution. My grandmother watches optically; but after a time, she and my grandfather return to their chairs. My grandfather is jovial with pride, and keeps interrupting *The Life of John Bright* to wonder if there's a tape measure on the boat.

Must be at least fourteen feet long,' he says. 'Isn't it great, Mary! The first wild-game hunting I've ever done!'

My grandmother purses her lips. 'At this time of his career *John Bright* was torn between his desire to——'

The afternoon wears on. The violent light shaves and harasses the burnt wilderness. You can almost hear the speckled live shrivelling. You can nearly smell the stealthy venomous smoke. The cries of heated birds are dreamy with staring distance.

But suddenly there is a horrible thundering on the prow! The *Life of John Bright* is swept into the stupid canal as the monster revives and commences strenuously thrashing his giant armoured tail.

My grandmother shrieks and wakes my grandfather. The thing is whirling over now! It tears itself from the ropes. Pandemonium ensues. The negroes come running up with a small motor hammer. Only the Captain dares pound the beast, but this seems to stir it to huger fury. The indolent malice of its grey eyes sparks with vengeance. It twists to its feet, and with a sound like many groaning, lunges forward, opening the lined terror of its jaws!

'The gun! The gun, Tom!' shrieks my grandmother. He runs, stumbles over a chair, his great bulk crashing on the deck.

My grandmother, with mingled delight and exasperation, passes him, snatches the gun, and aims. But only shoots the small flag from the front of the boat.

In the meantime, the 'suitcase' has hurled itself over the prow and vanished under the thick scum and water-hyacinths; its wounds soothed, no doubt, by the currents that thread along its jaws like cool weeds. The water all around the boat bubbles with paint-sluggish blood.

My grandfather stands panting by the rail.

'How could you let a thing as big as that get away!' he roars to compensate for his recent lapse of majesty. 'Why didn't you make certain it was dead?'

The negroes' eyes roll.

'You can't never tell when one of them things is dead, Mr Judge. I even heerd of a made-up suitcase that turned back into a alligator after seven years' use, and walked right out on its owner!'

At sundown, the little launch turns round and starts homeward. My grandmother and grandfather still sit on the deck.

'It's too bad; you weren't paying any attention to *John Bright*,' says my grandmother. 'I sometimes wonder if you've heard any of the books I've been reading you all my life.'

Unluggaged, he glances bitterly away toward the streaming
 s of flamingo-coloured clouds that plead for further light.
 'It seems odd to me,' he remarks, 'that you wouldn't have
 own the thing was still alive.'

Well, *you* shot it!' says my grandmother; then pretends to
 admiring the sunset, though secretly she is appreciating her
 n sarcasm.

The little boat darkens down the long canal. The Everglades
 w in their shadow. The big first star arrives to companion the
 uncharted loneliness.

MARTIN TURNELL FOR JEAN RACINE

I

WHEN Corneille, very old, very lonely and very grand, nodded
 head solemnly over a performance of *Britannicus* and com-
 ned that the author dwelt too much on the *faiblesses* of human
 re, he spoke for a large body of influential people. They were
 cked by the violence of Racine's tragedies and by his apparent
 difference to the ideal of honour which had had a long and
 cessful run on the seventeenth-century stage. We may feel
 t the familiar voice of the old poet had become harsh and
 ined and that the ideals which had been a magnificent in-
 ation in the *Cid* and *Polyeucte* had grown a little hollow. He
 not see—perhaps did not wish to see—that the atmosphere
 the century was changing, that he stood on the threshold of
 ew age.

The mistake has been a common one and Racine's true role has
 always been appreciated by his critics. The nineteenth century
 r clearly that his poetry was the direct expression of the life of
 time, but when Sainte-Beuve declared that this poetry was the
 duct of '*le commerce paisible de cette société où une femme écrivait*
Princesse de Clèves', we may conclude that his reading of the
 was at fault. It was Sainte-Beuve and Taine who created the
 nder' Racine, the neat and accomplished craftsman whose
 try reflected the elegance of the Court of King Louis—an
 gance that seemed rather faded to those who were accustomed

to the revolutions of the nineteenth century and whose ears were too familiar with the thud of Hugo's rhetoric to appreciate the subtler Racine.

In our own time we may flatter ourselves that we have reached a truer estimate of Racine's genius. The 'tender' Racine of the nineteenth-century myth has been swept away to be replaced by the 'implacable' Racine whose ferocity delights our age as shocked Racine's own. Yet the old error reappears in another form. M. Jean Giraudoux, who has done full justice to Racine's ferocity, tells us that there is not a sentiment in his work which is not a literary sentiment and that it contains no trace of the great movements of his time which have left their mark on the Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

Racine's great gifts—his honesty and integrity, his clarity and critical detachment—are so badly needed at the present time, that it is worth while insisting on a neglected aspect of his genius. So far from being the laureate of Versailles, he was first and foremost the critic of an age of false stability. He exposed the corruption of the Court in *Britannicus* and still more in *Athalie*; but as a rule he did not refer directly to political events. He was more concerned with what has been called 'the atmosphere of the century', with the changes that were taking place in the moral life of the people. In spite of its outward magnificence, the age of Louis XIV was beginning to disintegrate from within.

One of the things that make the century difficult to understand is the preponderance of Versailles, which was really a vast façade, a symbol of outward splendour that hid an inner deterioration. The stage is so crowded with Kings, Princes, Bishops and Ambassadors that we do not at first notice the absentees or grasp the significance of the intrigues, which are recounted with a wealth of detail in the letters and memoirs of the day. When we read the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, nothing seems to matter except her emotions on becoming a grandmother or the mixture of vexation and amusement with which she learns that her son has contracted a disgraceful malady, or the disputes over whose turn it is to hold His Majesty's nightshirt.

It is only occasionally that the even flow of the Letters is disturbed by a deeper note which betrays the weariness, the sadness of what Paul Bourget called in another context *une civilisation vieillissante*. 'It seems that there is nothing left for us to do but to

ourselves buried', she wrote to Madame de la Fayette. And in she wrote in another Letter: 'The balls at Saint-Germain are deadly sadness', we seem to catch a glimpse of the courtiers, faces weary and drawn beneath their make-up, as they move mechanically round the doddering monarch.

Ant-Simon belongs to a later generation than Madame de Sévigné. The process of decay had become more evident when he wrote his great work, and though he too relies for the most part on indirect criticism, his indictment is more radical. 'At the time when I wrote,' he said at the close of the *Mémoires*, 'and above all towards the end, everything was falling into a state of decay, confusion and chaos which since then has steadily grown.' His memoirs are often biassed and inaccurate; a great deal of his bitterness is that of an able man whose abilities found no outlet in a period of corruption and incompetence; but the bitterness was merely personal. The remorselessness with which he strips away the gorgeous clothing to reveal the ugliness of his victims; the satisfaction with which he lifts the veil to show a noble lady giving herself in church, and the way in which he rakes the dark heap in his hunt for a suitable epithet to point the contrast between the pretence and the reality give us an amazingly vivid picture of his times. In spite of the difference in style, his findings are no different from Racine's.

la cour', he wrote, '*fut un autre manège de la politique du despotisme*.' This sentence goes to the roots of the disaster. The spiritual life of France was being strangled, the old social solidarity of the people was being undermined by a ruthless despotism. The policy of Louis XIV was to make France safe for dictatorship. The nobility was deprived of its function and replaced by a bureaucracy to prevent it from becoming a challenge to the royal absolutism.

The results of this policy are clear, but they only became clear when the cataclysm that overtook France in the next century. The structure of society was disrupted. Men were cut off from their roots; they ceased to be human beings and were transformed into artificial people who were compelled to submit to an artificial code of manners which fettered their minds as well as their bodies. They were compelled to dance attendance on the King at Versailles to prevent them from finding the time or the energy to plot against the régime in the fastness of their châteaux, so that the

Court life served much the same purpose as the cult of march in the Third Reich. All criticism was mercilessly suppressed : punished with scarcely a pretence of justice. The courtiers became so used to playing a part that they lost their power of criticism unless they happened to be very exceptional people. Racine and Saint-Simon were accomplished courtiers, but because they were great men they managed to distinguish between their real and their artificial selves. Saint-Simon had to wait until after his death for the publication of his life work and Racine's championship of a dissident minority and possibly his outspoken criticism of the condition of the peasants brought disgrace which is said to have hastened his death.

II

This was the situation in which Racine's poetry was written, and it is possible to discover evidence of his searching criticism of contemporary France in almost every line that he wrote. When we compare some characteristic lines from Corneille and Racine we begin to understand the changes that were taking place in French civilization. When we compare, for example, Corneille's

‘Contre mon propre *honneur* mon *amour* s'intéresse’

with Racine's

‘Je n'ai pour lui parler consulté que mon *cœur*’

we see that in the first line there is a conflict between a principle and a feeling, a struggle to fit the experience of the individual into the framework of the community life. The speaker contemplates the situation with a certain detachment; he is able to stand back and examine his love, to weigh the two values calmly and objectively. In Racine's line the *honneur* has not simply disappeared it has been deliberately eliminated. The clear-cut lines of *amour* are transformed into something more complex. The word *cœur* stands for the shadowy world of the unconscious, that region of tangled desires which Racine explored with such marvellous insight and which becomes the centre of his world round which all things revolve. This is made clearer by a second comparison. When a character in Corneille's *Sertorius* remarks:

‘Il est doux de revoir les murs de la patrie’

we are in a clearly defined territory—a country governed by

per laws and its moral code. There is a perfect correspondence between the emotion and its object, and the line expresses the sentiment of the *honnête homme* for his fatherland. But when Corneille's mother exclaims:

'Ai-je mis dans sa main le timon de l'État
 Pour le conduire au gré du peuple et du sénat:
 Ah! que de la patrie il soit, s'il veut, le père;
 Mais qu'il songe un peu plus qu'Agrippine est sa mère!'

the scene is altered. The individual becomes the centre of the action. Law and morality are swept away. *Patrie* is set against the chaos of Agrippine's own emotions and becomes a plaything to be exploited in the selfish interests of the ruler. These changes reveal a fundamentally different attitude towards the life of the community. Corneille's hero has a definite place in the community and the recognition of its moral code determines his personal feelings and imposes a discipline which constitutes a positive value. Racine's characters have no place in the social order; they have lost their bearings as completely as Frédéric Moreau or any other nineteenth-century hero. It is one of the paradoxes of despotism that the attempt to impose complete conformity on the common life defeats its own end, encourages a revolutionary individualism and promotes a subterranean hostility between the individual and the artificial group which it tries to set up in place of the natural community of the people.

This change is a subtle one and is clearly seen in the way in which the two poets handle words. When Corneille uses a word like *légitime* or *gloire*, it has a fixed, unchanging meaning. Actions are right or wrong, good or bad: there is no middle course. The Corneilian hero always knows what line of conduct he must adopt in any given circumstances: the well-tried tests never let him down. Racine's use of words shows a far wider range of experience; they have no fixed meaning, but are constantly acquiring new overtones; and though he appears to employ precisely the same vocabulary as Corneille, he succeeds in presenting a situation which is diametrically opposed to that in Corneille's plays. It would be possible, for example, to write an essay on the different meanings that the word *loi* has for Racine, but for our purpose the word *honneur* is more suitable. When Corneille speaks of *honneur* it means the attitude of heroic virtue which enables the hero to

dominate the life of instinct and to accomplish actions which order the whole of his being instead of destroying it and putting him at the mercy of conflicting desires. Now when Oenone persuades Phèdre to pretend to Thésée that it was Hippolyte who tried to seduce her instead of her trying to seduce Hippolyte saying:

‘ . . . pour sauver notre honneur combattu,
Il faut immoler tout, et même la vertu ’

it is clear that *honneur* means primarily ‘keeping up appearances’. The implications of this change are far reaching. *Honneur* has ceased to be a reality and become an attitude to be maintained, an attitude to which the positive value implied by *vertu* is unhesitatingly sacrificed. Conduct itself therefore becomes a series of postures which no longer correspond to any moral feeling, and it follows from this that there is a complete divorce between the public and the private life of the individual which leads to a thoroughgoing moral disorder.

‘When’, wrote Taine, ‘Hippolyte speaks of the forests where his youth was spent, we must understand the avenues of Versailles.’ Those critics who still feel disposed to think of Racine the laureate of Versailles might consider the significance of ‘palaces’ in his poetry. When he describes his characters wandering alone and without any sense of direction in the vast empty palaces—

‘Errante et sans dessein, je cours dans ce palais’

‘ . . . errant dans le palais sans suite et sans escorte ’

—does he not point the contrast between the disorder of the individual life and an order of society which has ceased to be a real order and degenerated into mere formalism? The word ‘palace’ has a subtle ambiguity in his poetry. Palaces and temples—using the words in a wide sense—had played a large part in his personal life. He had been brought up in the sheltered seclusion of the Abbey of Port-Royal, but the discipline had become irksome to him and he had escaped to the imagined freedom of the ‘palaces’ of King Louis. The traditional moral certitudes symbolized by Port-Royal had failed to make him free, but the freedom of the Court turned out to be an illusion too. The palaces are therefore at once a symbol of refuge and prison, and though it

the 'temple' that he will return (in the person of Abner) in his play, it will only be at the close of a long struggle and in a state of profound disillusionment. In the secular plays the 'palace' is the sign of the rootless existence of the individual, and it is not surprising that it sometimes assumes the aspect of a prison where the individual is kept by the 'Sovereign'. Thus in *Bajazet* we

'Songez-vous que je tiens les portes du palais,
Que je puis vous l'ouvrir ou fermer pour jamais,
Que j'ai sur votre vie un empire suprême,
Que vous ne respirez qu'autant que je vous aime?'

It is not suggested that Racine's world is a world in which there are no moral values. They may have become confused with an artificial convention, but often they are perceived by his characters as clearly as they are by Corneille's. Instead of conforming to them, however, his characters' one desire is to impugn their authority or more often still to evade their obligations, and this explains why the plays abound in words like *artifice* and *ingérence*. In *Andromaque* this desire is expressed by the backdoor escape from the palace. Oreste has been sent as ambassador by the Greeks to hasten the marriage between Pyrrhus and Hermione. Instead, he proposes to carry off Hermione himself and leave by the back door.

'Je sais de ce palais tous les détours obscurs:
Vous voyez que la mer en vient battre les murs;
Et cette nuit, sans peine, une secrète voie
Jusqu'en votre vaisseau conduira votre proie.'

The criticism implied is a destructive criticism; the only standards of conduct are the prescriptions of the Court, but they are hollow and unreal. The individual cheerfully throws over this mantle of morality and discipline in the pursuit of his 'prey', in response to the promptings of his 'heart'. Yet these 'secret passages' and the 'innocent stratagem', as *Andromaque* calls a particularly nefarious scheme that she has on hand—skilfully dodging the real issue—do not solve any problems: they merely create fresh ones. They simply lead the individual to a boat on the stormy seas—the stormy seas of passion—which significantly 'beat against the palace walls'.

III

Corneille would no doubt have been deeply distressed had known that one day the *faiblesses* which shocked him in *Britannicus* would be given statutory recognition as the *crime passionnel* that multitudes would flock to the Comédie Française to see Racine as its first great laureate and rise to their feet with clapping and cheers when the great passages were declaimed on the stage.

The French preoccupation with *l'amour* has sometimes appeared to foreigners to be an amiable but eccentric trait. It seems to them, on the contrary, to be one of the signs of the intense psychological realism of that great people. It is with love that the greatest playwright of the seventeenth century is concerned from one end of his secular plays to the other. Although there is undoubtedly an element of self-complicity in his painting of sexual passion, his approach to this problem was a serious one and he did not indulge, as hostile critics have alleged, in the analysis of violent passion for its own sake. He was making sexual passion one of the mainsprings of human action, he anticipated some of the more sensational findings of modern psychologists. It did not narrow the scope of his work; it enabled him to make one of the most searching examinations of human nature in the whole of French literature.

There is a remarkable passage in *Bajazet* which provides a good illustration of the sombre power of Racine's study of man and which also serves to remind us that he lived in the same century as John Donne. Atalide is proposing to surrender her lover to Roxane and commit suicide:

'Roxane s'estimait assez récompensée,
Et j'aurais en mourant cette douce pensée
Que, vous ayant moi-même imposé cette loi,
Je vous ai vers Roxane envoyé plein de moi;
Qu'emportant chez les morts toute votre tendresse,
Ce n'est point un amant en vous que je lui laisse.'

We must not misunderstand the word *tendresse*, that terrible word, as a French writer called it the other day. It is not the same as love; it is the capacity to love—a capacity which is transformed from potency to act as soon as a suitable object presents itself. In Racine's poetry love is what Corneille once described as

¹ Cf. '*L'amour où je voulais amener sa tendresse.*'

tion aveugle, a blind urge for possession which not only sees the death of the beloved to allowing him to fall into the hands of a 'rival', but which sees consummation not in union but in the pursuit and destruction of its 'prey'. The tragic dilemma is the fact that without *tendresse* man is deprived of something which is something without which he ceases to be man and becomes a mere empty shell. With it, he is inexorably dedicated to destruction and death.

'L'amour ne suit point ces lois imaginaires'

Roxane and she speaks for all Racine's characters. Passion is the reality, 'law' but the shadow. It sweeps aside law, reason and morality as it hurries humanity down the dizzy slopes to disaster. Some of Racine's finest lines express the tragic sense that his characters are engaged in a hopeless struggle as they realize too late that all their supports have gone:

'Il n'est plus temps. Il sait mes ardeurs insensées.
De l'austère pudeur les bornes sont passées.'

'Je me suis engagé trop avant.
Je vois que la raison cède à la violence.'

There is nothing genteel, nothing bloodless about their feelings. Racine is at some pains to emphasize the physical side of love. In his great speech in Act IV, Scene 2, of *Britannicus* Agrippine says:

' . . . une loi moins sévère

Mit Claude dans mon lit, et Rome à mes genoux.'

The bed sticks out in Racine's poetry. It is the ultimate goal of the passions which all these frenzied lovers strive; and neither the privacy of the canopies nor the coroneted sheets can hide the violence of the drama that will be enacted there or its appalling consequences.

'Ses gardes, son palais, son lit, m'étaient soumis,
Je lui laissai sans fruit consumer sa tendresse.'

As Agrippine, and she too speaks for all Racine's 'heroines'. One of the most striking figures in the plays is the predatory woman who, for all her air of modesty and virtue, pursues the young man and sucks out his vitality.

Enough this conflict, in which 'law' is swept away or constantly relaxed in order to smooth the 'heroine's' path to an

incestuous couch, springs from a profound hostility between the individual and society, it is not until we come to *Phèdre* and *Athalie* that the issue becomes a specifically moral one. The characters in the last two plays are in a sense destroyed by their own guilty consciences, but those in the earlier plays are victims of a catastrophe of a different nature. When, for example, Oreste says:

‘Je pensai que la guerre et la gloire
De soins plus importants rempliraient ma mémoire;
Que, mes sens reprenant leur première vigueur,
L’amour achèverait de sortir de mon cœur’

it is clear that he is not concerned with the relative values of *gloire* and *amour*. Sexual passion is not regarded as wrong in itself (as it is in *Phèdre*): it is seen to be something very like a physical disturbance, a disease which corrodes the senses and undermines the native health and ‘vigour’ of the human organism.

Commenting on the line:

‘Leur haine ne fera qu’irriter sa tendresse’

Jacques Rivière pointed out that it expresses the basic principle of Racine’s psychology. There is no conflict between a principle and a feeling, but the naked friction of one set of feelings on another which ends by destroying both. It also provides a clue to the core of his experience. The deepest thing in Corneille is the sense of order behind his poetry; the deepest thing in Racine is a sense of complete dissolution.

We can begin to see now what is meant by Racine’s elegance, which much has been written. It is a surface elegance which does nothing to mitigate the violence of the tumult which goes on beneath. Racine’s aim is to probe feelings which are, properly speaking, anterior to all civilization and which a supreme degree of civilization only covers but cannot alter. His polished elegance is a method of penetrating the defences of his sophisticated audience—that complicated system of inhibitions and tabus which is the product of centuries of civilization—and of evoking the response that he wants. There can be little doubt that it was precisely his skill in revealing the primitive man beneath the civilized man that disconcerted his contemporaries and provoked the bitter attacks on his work. It was the triumph of his style not only to

re these feelings, but to give them a social reference, to show that they were bound to be in a constant state of eruption in a civilization which had become a façade. It was the tragedy of a people who were deprived of an order which would provide a proper outlet for their immense vitality which was necessarily turned against itself and became a source of waste and destruction.

The morality of Racine's world is the morality of the jungle, where the violence is intensified and not diminished by the exceptional powers of analysis, the exceptionally sensitive consciousness of their most intimate feelings which belonged to a people of whom the poet constantly uses the word *sensible*. This extraordinary insight into feelings can be seen in the lines:

‘Déjà même je crois entendre la réponse
Qu'en secret contre moi votre haine prononce.’

where the movement of feeling is seized before it becomes articulate.

Where an exceptional insight into human feelings exists without a true social order, that insight can only work destructively. Racine's characters use it to torture one another. They possess, like their creator, an extraordinary streak of cruelty, and their clairvoyance makes them immensely vulnerable for one another. It enables them to perceive without possibility of error the weaknesses of their opponents, to track life to its source, to strike and kill with deadly accuracy. This desire to annihilate is seen in some lines from *Andromaque*:

‘Du vieux père d'Hector la valeur abattue
Aux pieds de sa famille expirante à sa vue,
Tandis que dans son sein votre bras enfoncé
Cherche un reste de sang que l'âge avait glacé.’

The words *désordre* and *inutile* recur all through the plays and they reveal more clearly than anything the nature of the tragedy: the sense of helpless confusion in a world that offers the individual no help, no constructive principle for the ordering of his life. *Honneur* and *gloire* had lost their meaning: all that remained was an enemy to torture and destroy.

‘Je crains de me connaître, en l'état où je suis’

of Oreste. Another, commenting on this state, remarks:

'Il peut, Seigneur, il peut, dans ce désordre extrême,
Épouser ce qu'il hait, et punir ce qu'il aime.'

In *Iphigénie* it is said:

'Il fallut s'arrêter, et la rame inutile
Fatigua vainement une mer immobile.'

The *inutile*—the sound of the oars beating against the heavy grey waters—suggests the hopelessness of the struggle, and the *fatigua* underlines the fact that the effort, instead of strengthening and purifying character, as it does in Corneille, has the opposite effect and produces a state of exhaustion which undermines character. There is only one answer:

'Puisqu'après tant d'efforts ma résistance est vaine,
Je me livre en aveugle au destin qui m'entraîne.'

Passion is destiny. In making sexual passion the supreme value in a world of dissolving values, the last refuge of the man who has lost faith in all else, Racine anticipates the writers of our own time. He also anticipates them in showing that the hatred, which is an essential ingredient of this passion, springs from a desire for self-destruction.

IV

An appreciation of Racine's work as a social critic can only come through an appreciation of his greatness as a *poet*, and there is no doubt that he is a difficult writer for Englishmen.¹ There are two main difficulties that most of us have felt at one time or another with his style. The formal diction has seemed frigid and mechanical, and the conventional vocabulary colourless and inexpressive. Yet Racine's style is not only perfectly adequate to his experience; it is an instrument of extraordinary delicacy in the analysis of emotional states. The best way of testing its quality is to turn to Phèdre's confession of her 'guilty passion' for her stepson in Act I, Scene 3, of that play:

¹ The difficulties are not confined to English readers. We find Remy Gourmont, one of the most sensitive and perceptive of modern French critics, writing: 'Le sentiment de l'amour, qui était en lui, n'a passé dans les actes de ses personnages; ils expriment des passions extrêmes en un style abstrait, glacé, et diplomatique.' (*Le Problème du style*, pp. 50-51.)

'Mon mal vient de plus loin. A peine au fils d'Egée
 Sous les lois de l'hymen je m'étais engagée,
 Mon repos, mon bonheur, semblait être affermi,
 Athènes me montra mon superbe ennemi.
 Je le vis, je rougis, je pâlis à sa vue;
 Un trouble s'éleva dans mon âme éperdue;
 Mes yeux ne voyaient plus, je ne pouvais parler,
 Je sentis tout mon corps et transir et brûler.
 Je reconnus Vénus, et ses feux redoutables,
 D'un sang qu'elle poursuit tourments inévitables.
 Par des vœux assidus je crus les détourner:
 Je lui bâtis un temple, et pris soin de l'orner;
 De victimes moi-même à toute heure entourée,
 Je cherchais dans leurs flancs ma raison égarée.
 D'un incurable amour remèdes impuissants!'

The abrupt statement with which the passage opens has a seriously steadying effect. It gathers up the diffused emotions of the whole scene and focusses them on a single point. The poet presents a picture of ordinary everyday life shattered by passion. The alexandrines, with the verb pushed to the end of the second line, give a physical sense of the moral effort needed by Phèdre to submit to the marriage 'law', and they also reinforce the apparent stability of her happiness. It must be remembered that Phèdre is what M. François Mauriac has called *une femme au déclin de l'âge*; her love for her young and handsome stepson seems to offer her a last chance of 'romantic' happiness. *Superbe*, with its suggestions of 'glamour' and 'romance', is pitted against the commonplace, domestic associations of *engagée* and *affermi*. The sudden change from the passive to the active mood in line 4—*Athènes me montra*—gives us a tremendous sensation of the 'enemy' being hurled into the attack on conventional life. The immediate surface reactions, the rapid changes of colour, are carefully registered; but the physiological changes are only the prelude to a profound psychological disturbance. There is an inward movement (admirably conveyed by *trouble* with its suggestion of water bubbling over) and Racine begins to probe the deeper levels. The happiness, which appeared solid and well-founded, crumbles at once and the clear-cut lines of *affermi* dissolve into the paroxysm suggested by one of Racine's favourite words, *éperdue*. The

psychological disturbance is so intense that it provokes a free physical reaction expressed by *brûler* and *transir*. The analysis has now been pushed to the utmost possible limit and the result is a sort of psychological black-out. It is remarkable how the master's compression of the verse and the rapidity with which the changes of feeling follow one another contribute to the sense of complete spiritual and moral collapse that we get from the passage as a whole.

The impression is heightened by the return to lucidity in line 10 and Phèdre's sudden realization that she is doomed. For the introduction of Venus is not a piece of classical decoration, but an instance of the way in which Racine adapts the classics. Venus is not something external to man, as she was for the Greeks, but a projection of his own passion which by this means becomes invested with superhuman force. Once she appears the issue is virtually decided. She is contrasted with the humdrum married life, and by a skilful shifting of the emphasis the *feux redoutables* are flung against the *bonheur . . . affermi*. It is significant that she attaches herself to the 'blood' which is the seat of the primeval passions that Racine uncovers. The reference to the sacrifice is ironical. Phèdre is engaged in a superstitious game, but is herself the real 'victim'. The feverish, futile slaughter of the animals suggests her growing desperation. *Entourée* contains a sinister hint that Phèdre is being engulfed by passion, by the 'blood'; and *égarée* (another of Racine's favourite words) refers back to *éperdue* and intensifies the sickening sensation of dissolution that we get from lines 5-8. The whole thing is clinched by the despairing *remèdes impuissants*.

These lines seem to me to be a complete answer to the usual criticisms of Racine's style. It is part of his greatness that the apparent limitations of his medium become one of the sources of his strength. The alexandrine was not for him, as one feels that it sometimes was for Corneille, a constraint; it was a discipline that made possible an extremely *ordered* presentation of emotions. The nineteenth-century view that the great monologues were carefully rehearsed speeches that failed to carry conviction is no longer tenable. They are not frigid recitals of old emotions; it is in the retelling that these feelings assume their proper place in the pattern of the play as psychological events. All the great monologues turn out on examination to be definitions of a particular feeling.

In the present instance it is the definition of Phèdre's *mal*, and we see that the passage moves with a mathematical precision from point to another, as the *mal* is analysed into its component parts. *Epérdue* and *égarée* are stages in the process which follow one another logically. When we study the passage as a whole—it is twenty-eight lines long—we find that Phèdre's state of mind has undergone a complete change and that just as there are stages in the passage, so *the passage itself represents a complete stage in the unfolding of the play*.

These lines are also a perfect illustration of the peculiar virtues of Racine's language. His method is completely different from that of most English poets. English poetry is notable for its imagery and for its accumulation of sense-perceptions. In Racine's poetry there are few images and no accumulation; there is often a *precision*. He owes nearly everything to the *precision* with which his language renders the obscurest sensations. The simple words, *trouble*, *jeux*, *rougis*, *pâlis*, *brûler*, *transir*, do in fact reveal Phèdre's state of mind and the complicated interplay of the psychological and the physiological with an almost terrifying clarity.

We think that we may add that Racine's genius is also the genius of the French language. In English and German literature—particularly in the *Weltschmerz* of the Romantics—there almost always remains an unanalysed residue in the feelings presented which makes a whole poem vague and misty. It is precisely because they realized the limitations of language that the great French masters have achieved an extraordinary degree of clarity and depth in their analysis of feeling. It is perhaps for this reason that the Romantic Movement in France has seemed to many good critics to have been a betrayal of the French tradition.

V

Racine's work is only fully intelligible when it is seen as a whole, as a steady development from the early imitations of Corneille, in which his personal sensibility peeps out from behind phrases borrowed bodily from his master, to the final tragedies. *Andromaque* is the first of the great masterpieces, but in spite of its beauty it has a certain harshness—I am not using the word in an unfavourable sense—which makes it difficult of access when read for the first

time. 'C'est une certaine candeur violente de créature encore intacte', wrote Jules Lemaître of *Hermione*, and this explains, perhaps, why it seems in a way inferior to the three greatest plays—*Britannicus*, *Phèdre* and *Athalie*. It was not in the study of innocence that Racine excelled, but in the study of the crisis in the lives of experienced women who are certainly not *intactes*. As his genius ripened, heroines like Agrippine, Roxane, *Phèdre*, *Athalie* and, to a large extent, the middle-aged warrior returning home after his army have been defeated and his country laid waste by a 'useless' campaign, became the symbols of the fundamental spiritual crisis of the society in which Racine was living.

Phèdre belongs to a transitional period in Racine's own life, and Lemaître went as far as to call it the first stage in his conversion. There is some ground for this view. In the earlier plays, as we have seen, Racine exposed the brittleness of concepts like 'honour' and 'morality', which had become empty formulas; but his attitude had remained aloof and detached. In *Bérénice*—the only one of the mature tragedies in which 'honour' triumphs over 'love'—the poet's palpable disbelief in the values invoked drove him to strange lengths to impose on others convictions which he does not seem at the time to have shared. It is this that makes the reverse of the play seem hollow and inflated. At bottom it is a curious *tour de force*. Racine hovers on the verge of a highly refined and very personal sentimentality and only his extreme virtue prevents him from succumbing to it.

It is true that *Phèdre* shows a concern for moral values that is new in Racine. It is also true that it is shot through and through with a Christian sense of 'sin' and 'temptation'. Yet it has so often appeared ironical that it should have been the means of reconciling Racine with Port-Royal. It is not by any means a simple drama of good and evil that Racine pretended in the Preface. *Phèdre*'s knowledge that her love is sinful does not increase her powers of resistance. Temptation gives it a new subtle attraction; she gives way *because* it is wrong and because she knows that it will lead to disaster. For this is not primarily a religious play. It is first and foremost an incomparable study of sexual mania. The boldness displayed by Racine in his exploration of erotic fantasy—particularly the image of the 'Labyrinth' in Act II, Scene 5—makes some of the works of the 'advanced' authors of our own time seem maidenly by comparison.

Phèdre is not Racine's last word on contemporary problems. He was mainly concerned with the fate of the individual soul and made little attempt to see the individual in relation to society as a whole. The interest was centred in the *transgression* of moral principles and the positive values are somewhat faint. The order that is restored at the close of the play is defined in terms of 'the great abstractions'; for the extension of these principles and their concrete application to the religious and political situation of Racine's day, we have to wait for his last play, *Athalie*.

Incest naturally seems to most of us to be a more amusing subject for a play than the factions between Biblical tribes, and the present writer is probably not alone in coming to *Athalie* after reading and re-reading nearly all the other plays. Yet it would be a pity to allow one's distaste for a play with 'a religious subject' to prevent one from studying a work which has a peculiar relevance for our own time. Racine's last and greatest play is not only a searching criticism of the religious and political situation in France towards the close of the seventeenth century; it is an attempt to state his problem in terms of religion and to find a solution. The subject of the play is the struggle between two orders, between the religious order based on *loi*—a word that assumes an intense positive significance in *Athalie*—and a pagan order based on force and bolstered up by ignoble superstition. The high lights are the extraordinary study of the personality of the 'dictator', the moral disintegration of her immediate entourage and the frontal attack on the dangers of absolute monarchy in Act IV. Racine, however, does not offer us a social utopia or a facile solution. Although the play ends with the liberation of the people from despotism and the restoration of law, it is shot through and through with an unmistakable note of sadness. We may think that Racine had come to feel that his hopes were not destined to be realized.

'Comment en un vil plomb l'or pur s'est-il changé?'

As the High Priest in his vision of the downfall of the new King. It is also a question for us who are trying to preserve the civilization that produced Racine.

MICHAEL WHARTON

THE BITTER LOZENGE

THE place where Miss Cumfrey lived with her old mother called Jericho, but nobody knew why it had that name, and might just as well have had any other. It was a row of cottages that stood alone on a windy hill; not far off there was an old watch tower, and at an equal distance in the other direction there was a small wood full of ramshackle hen houses. All around were fields divided by yellow stone walls and sour streams. Beyond the fields there were mill chimneys, and the red roofs of a housing estate pushing out from the town. But it would be a long time before the flimsy new houses reached Jericho, if they ever did reach it.

Mrs. Cumfrey was close on eighty, but she was still an upright old woman who was particular about what she ate, and could remember the opening of the railway line from Tringley to Hecklington.

Edith Cumfrey was the only one of her fourteen children who had not either married or died or gone to Australia. She was the only one, in fact, who had never done anything. She had merely stayed at home all her life, and since old Mr. Cumfrey died two years ago she had looked after her mother at Jericho.

Edith Cumfrey was fifty years old. She wore a blue serge dress with very short skirts and rolled stockings, that somehow made her look older instead of younger. She had a mane of white hair which she tossed from side to side. Sometimes it even got caught in the cupboard doors. She had a habit of staring and nodding for no reason. Old Mrs. Cumfrey often said petulantly, 'Oh, goodness' sake, don't go on nodding like that, Edith'; but Miss Cumfrey only replied in her sharp voice that she hadn't been nodding.

Though she almost always spoke sharply to her mother, Miss Cumfrey was really devoted to her. Old Mrs. Cumfrey drew a small old age pension, but that was not really enough to live on. Miss Cumfrey took in the neighbours' washing to make a living, and from morning till night the cottage was full of the smell of soap water and drying clothes. When Miss Cumfrey was not washing she was ironing, but although she had been washing and ironing

In her life, she never seemed to have learned to do either properly, and it was seldom that a batch of washing was returned without some of the clothes being burnt in holes or having their colours washed out. At first the neighbours had complained, but Miss Cumfrey had got so angry and nodded so persistently that there was no doing anything with her. And for the sake of old Mrs. Cumfrey, more than for anything else, they still let her do the washing.

Of all things Miss Cumfrey disliked being put in the wrong, and she would go to any length to avoid it. If the cakes she was baking turned out mere lumps of charred dough, and her mother grumbled, she ate them all herself, smacking her skinny lips over them, and saying over and over again that they were the best she had ever tasted. If the water for the tea had got cold, she said sharply that she *had* boiled it, as though that explained everything. And if her dozen scraggy hens had stopped laying, she would flatly deny it, and such was the force of her persuasion that she could almost create eggs out of nothing.

In her vague rambling way she resented her poverty. She was always cutting paragraphs out of the paper which told how to make money at home by knitting socks, or writing hints on gardening, or taking snapshots. She could neither knit a sock nor take a snapshot, and she knew nothing about gardening, but she still felt obscurely that she could make a fortune by these means. In the kitchen dresser, next to a couple of china teapots painted with black and gold butterflies, was a little pile of these cuttings which she read aloud to her mother in the evenings. Old Mrs. Cumfrey always said, 'But you can't knit socks, Edith,' or 'But you haven't got one of those cameras, or whatever they are, Edith'. Miss Cumfrey only nodded defiantly.

The neighbours could have set their clocks by Miss Cumfrey. She was up every morning at half past seven, and shortly afterwards she could be heard rattling her bucket of hen food, and calling the hens in a shrill monotonous voice. Then she went to the doors to make breakfast, and take it up to her mother in bed. It was a curious thing that in spite of all the years she had been making it, the breakfast was always rather badly cooked and unappetizing. Every day old Mrs. Cumfrey complained that the porridge had lumps in it, or that the milk had been upset over the toast, or that the tea had been upset into the marmalade jar, and

every day Miss Cumfrey, sitting bolt upright, angular and boned in a hard chair by her mother's bedside, endeavoured to prove the contrary by taking a double helping of everything.

After breakfast the washing and ironing began, and went on all morning and afternoon until six o'clock. Old Mrs. Cumfrey sat in her easy chair by the fire, dozing most of the time, but occasionally reading the paper, and calling out every few minutes, 'I'm sure there's something burning, Edith!' 'No, there isn't, Mother.' Miss Cumfrey snapped, almost before the words were out of her mother's mouth, for every time she burned a hole in Mrs. Tyler's night-dress, or Mrs. Oldroyd's window-curtains, she had learned to anticipate her mother's call. A great brown pot of tea stewed all day on the hob, and every now and then Miss Cumfrey rested from her labours and poured herself a cup of the black, prodigiously strong brew. All round Mrs. Cumfrey's chair stood clothes-horses draped with steaming garments, and sometimes as she dozed a wet tablecloth fell on her white hair, and remained there until Miss Cumfrey, clicking her tongue with impatience, removed it.

Every day, when teatime came round, Miss Cumfrey said with a sigh, 'Life's all mealtimes.' And every day Mrs. Cumfrey woke up with a start and called out, 'what's that you said, Edith?' And every day Miss Cumfrey replied, 'I didn't say anything, Mother.'

In the evenings, when the oil-lamp was lighted, the tea-things were put away, and the clean clothes folded up in their baskets, Miss Cumfrey slept soundly. Miss Cumfrey read the paper, turning over the leaves with a ceaseless rustle, while her lips silently formed the words. Occasionally she took scissors and cut out a paragraph to add to the growing heap on the dresser; she would read it aloud when her mother woke up at supper-time.

After an hour she laid aside the paper, and sat with her hands folded stiffly in her lap, staring into the grate. She thought of her life, her past and future, and a vague resentment filled her. There was nothing definite, nothing formulated. If she thought of her sister Gertrude, who had married the grocer down at Pennythwaite, and now had two children and even a small three-wheeled motor-car, it was only to think of herself the moment after as a young and marriageable girl with a ribbon in her hair who could play 'The Bohemian Girl' on the piano. If she thought of her brother Bernard, who had gone to Australia and done very

l for himself there, they said, it was only to think the next ment of the young Church Army Captain, who, she thought, smiled at her one Sunday thirty years ago, and would have ed her to marry him, if his mother had not objected. Perhaps t young Church Army Captain would still come and ask her marry him. She was sure he would, if he only knew where to l her. But she did not know whether this would happen in the or the future. And what would her mother do, if she got rried?

he always began to doze when her thoughts reached the young urch Army Captain, and waking up with a start, she went uely across to a great trunk that stood in one corner of the m. She opened the trunk noisily, partly because she could not anything quietly, and partly because of her unexpressed resent- nt towards her mother. But if her mother woke up, it was only w moments before she dozed off again.

The trunk was full of old photographs in gilt frames, postcards n the Isle of Man, little white boxes with silver printing on m which had once contained wedding-cake, black-edged eral cards and lengths of crêpe, locket, pieces of ribbon and y scarves. There was nothing in the trunk which had any nection with the Church Army Captain, and indeed Miss mfrey, when she reached the trunk, had already forgotten ut him. In a vague, dismal way she lifted out object after object, put it back again, and out of the great trunk drifted the smell ast days and people long dead, and the clock on the mantel- ce filled the room with steady ticking.

ometimes she left some object out of the trunk, to show her ther over their supper of milk and currant cakes, a photograph Uncle Fred, perhaps, taken before the War when he was ionmaster at Hecklington, or a programme of a concert given he Victoria Hall in 1908. She was particularly fond of a little ook with a tattered binding, called 'The British Herbalist's armacopœia'. It was full of old-fashioned remedies, set out in y small print which hurt the eyes, and there were coloured strations of medicinal herbs. It had been given to her years ago her Aunt Flo, who was dead now, and Miss Cumfrey had tten her name on the flyleaf, not 'Edith Cumfrey', or 'Edith', 'Miss Cumfrey'. That was the name by which she had always n known.

She often wondered whether any of these herbs, which attracted her eyes in the coloured pictures, were to be found growing in the lanes and fields near Jericho, and whether she could gather them and make medicine to cure, perhaps, her mother's rheumatism or her own headaches. But she could never get her mother to take much interest in them, and when she had supported her tottering figure up the narrow staircase to bed, she put the book resentfully back in the great trunk.

One morning, when Miss Cumfrey took up the breakfast tray, she found that her mother refused to be awakened. She was lying quite still, her yellow wrinkled face and white hair hardly visible against the pillow. Miss Cumfrey's first impulse was to deny anything could be wrong. Her next was to give a loud harsh cry like some inane old sea-bird flying aimlessly over the waves. Then she realized that her mother was still breathing. She was, in fact, breathing heavily and painfully, as though each breath cost her great effort. She was only half conscious. She must have had some sort of seizure.

Miss Cumfrey sat down for a few moments by the bedside, expecting that when she got up again everything would have come right, her mother would be sitting up in bed ready for breakfast, and they would have the customary conversation about the porridge being burned. But nothing of the sort happened. Miss Cumfrey screamed again. Taking her mother by the shoulder, she shook her quite roughly with her brittle bony fingers. Still nothing happened.

She went quickly downstairs and out of the house. Next day Mrs. Tyler was sweeping her steps. After a time, Miss Cumfrey got her to understand that she wanted the doctor. Johnnie Tyler was sent to fetch him from Hecklington.

The doctor came. He was a kindly old Scotsman who was very proud of his sense of humour. The first thing he said to Miss Cumfrey was, 'Oh, Miss Cumfrey, I heard down at Hecklington that you were getting married soon! I hope you'll be very happy. And he winked at Mrs. Tyler. As he entered the house he laughed a good deal to put Miss Cumfrey at her ease. She had gone away with anger, but she did not reply.

'So the old lady's not too well?' said the doctor heartily. 'Well, well. She's a wonderful old lady for her age, you know.'

at you'll have to take good care of her now. Let's see, how old is she?'

'Seventy-nine years and seven months,' snapped Miss Cumfrey, without looking at him. 'And nobody could have taken better care of her than I have done all these years.'

The anger in her voice was too much even for the doctor's sense of humour. Miss Cumfrey led him up to the bedroom in silence. Her mother seemed to have recovered a little. The doctor examined her, occasionally ejaculating 'Yes!' and 'Hm!' while Miss Cumfrey glared out of the window.

'Well,' he said at last, when they were downstairs again, 'she's had a bit of a seizure. It's her heart, you know. Not as young as she was. You'd better keep her in bed for a time. She'll be all right. She'll outlive the lot of us yet, and we're neither of us chickens, are we, Miss Cumfrey?' And with a wave of the hand, he drove away.

For a time Miss Cumfrey stood in the doorway, painfully mulling over the doctor's sarcasms. She snapped her teeth together in defiance of him, in flat contradiction of everything he had said. Then she went upstairs to her mother.

'What did he say?' asked Mrs. Cumfrey fretfully, her eyes wandering round the room. 'What did he say about a seizure, or whatever it was, Edith?'

'He didn't say anything, Mother,' said Miss Cumfrey. 'He said you were all right. He said you have to stay in bed.'

'I wouldn't have to stay in bed, if I was all right,' said Mrs. Cumfrey, petulantly.

'Yes, you would, Mother,' snapped Miss Cumfrey. She took away the breakfast things, and without eating anything began the day's washing and ironing.

The doctor came several times during the next few weeks, but Mrs. Cumfrey did not seem to get much better. She was still confined to bed, and most of the time she was in a doze, only musing out occasionally that she was sure there was something wrong, and being instantly contradicted by a shrill voice from below.

Miss Cumfrey's daily ritual was scarcely altered. Her piercing voice calling the hens still woke the neighbours. The great brown pot still stewed on the hob, to be taken up at two-hour intervals. The pile of cuttings on the dresser grew larger.

But in Miss Cumfrey's nightly meditations, some of the thoughts which had been given to thoughts of the young Church Army Captain was now taken up with thoughts of the doctor. Miss Cumfrey hated the doctor as she had never hated anyone before. Resentment against him brewed and fermented like the thick black stuff in her teapot. She could no longer bring herself to speak to him except in monosyllables, when he came breezing in with hearty jocularities, to reproach her with too much gadding about, or to chaff her with another heart broken for her sake. She looked at him with her arms folded and her lips tightly closed, and eventually even the doctor was sufficiently impressed to give up down at Hecklington that Miss Cumfrey was going a bit queer.

The moment his car had driven away, she went up to her mother's bedside and contradicted everything he had said. She was certain, she said, that his treatment was not doing any good. She tried to think of the most damaging thing she could say about him, but all she could think of was that he was 'an old fool'.

Every night she pored over the 'British Herbalist's Pharmacopœia'. She turned over the leaves vaguely, reading the words aloud, keeping the place with a long forefinger. She had an idea that she might find some remedy in the book which would make her mother as she was before. It took some days for that idea to take form in her mind, but after that she turned the dog's-eared pages with a new purpose. The doctor called and left a new bottle of medicine. After he had gone she flung it into the dustbin. She felt that she was beginning to get even with the doctor at last.

That evening, alone in the silent kitchen, she made a discovery. There was a certain herb mentioned in the Pharmacopœia, an attractive-looking herb with milky white flowers and heart-shaped leaves. 'Flowering Smokewort' it was called. There was quite a long paragraph about it. It took Miss Cumfrey some time to make it out, for it was full of long words, some of them in a strange foreign language. The paragraph was headed 'Smokewort Tonic Lozenges'. 'The herb Flowering Smokewort', it began, 'also known as *Antennaria dracocephala*, has long been esteemed for its tonic properties. It has power to revive the aged, to prolong life, and to invigorate the feeble and enervated. To make Smokewort Tonic Lozenges, take some leaves of the plant (which grows commonly by roadsides and hedges), pound them up in a mortar, and strain off the juice. Add sugar, gelatine, and a li-

ater, and simmer for three hours. Stir well. Leave to cool to a
ff jelly, and cut out into diamond-shaped lozenges.'

For quite a long time Miss Cumfrey sat digesting this informa-
on. The fact that the lozenges were diamond-shaped seemed to
er peculiarly important, though she could not have said why. She
remembered that she had in her trunk an old necklace formed of
iamond-shaped pieces of jet. She went across and took out the
ecklace. She had been holding it out and looking at it for half
hour before she remembered that it was past supper-time.

Next morning Mrs. Cumfrey seemed worse. She was very
evish and fretful, and her mind wandered a little.

'Now, Mother,' said Miss Cumfrey firmly, 'I'm going out for
lf an hour to get you some medicine. You'll be all right while
n gone.'

'But the doctor brought some yesterday, didn't he?'

'No, he didn't, Mother!' Miss Cumfrey was quite ready to be
gry in a moment. 'What he brought was no good. I've thrown
away.'

'Thrown it away! Oh, Edith!' Mrs. Cumfrey looked round
helplessly.

'I'm going to make you something that'll really do you good.
onic lozenges. From herbs.'

'From herbs?'

'Yes, I got the recipe from my herb book. Now I'm going out
get the herbs. Smokewort, the herb's called. It tells you all
out it in the book. It was Aunt Flo's book. She knew all about
erbs. Don't you remember how she cured Tom's sore throat?
was on a Friday.'

'Yes, it *was* on a Friday,' said Mrs. Cumfrey, impressed in spite
herself. And before she could think of anything else to say, Miss
umfrey had gone.

Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Oldroyd, enjoying their morning gossip
n the doorstep, saw her moving about the fields and hedges, with
e little tattered book in her hand, her eyes on the ground. Mrs.
Tyler put her finger to her forehead.

'Poor Miss Cumfrey's getting very queer. Sometimes I don't
ink she's quite right in the head.'

'She tore all the buttons off Jack's shirts this week,' said Mrs.
ldroyd, 'and then sewed them on again the wrong way round.'
They went indoors, shaking their heads, but neither could help

continuing to watch Miss Cumfrey separately through her lit parlour window. A thin rain began to fall, and gusts of wind blew. Miss Cumfrey went on searching in the hedges and ditches, in her thin serge dress, her white hair blowing in elf-locks about her face. All the time she muttered to herself something about the doctor and Aunt Flo, and the Church Army, and diamond-shaped lozenges. She had told her mother that she would be away half an hour, but it was three hours before she saw, beside a stagnant ditch on Mr. Marsden's farm, a clump of little milky white flowers with heart-shaped leaves. They looked just like the picture in the book.

Miss Cumfrey went home, remembering too late to hide the flowers from Mrs. Tyler's prying eyes in her withered bosom. She made some bread and milk for her mother, but ate nothing herself. Mrs. Cumfrey seemed to be rambling a little, and she did not say anything about the herbs.

Miss Cumfrey went down to the kitchen eagerly, and cleared the table. She spread an old newspaper on it, and she put the herbs at one side and the little book at the other, open at the page which gave the recipe for Smokewort Lozenges. She also got a great many cups, spoons and nutmeg graters, though she did not quite know what use they were likely to be. She read the recipe again carefully. Then she squashed up the leaves in a sieve, and extracted a thin whitish fluid. A strange bitter smell filled the kitchen. Miss Cumfrey savoured it with a queer relish. She took sugar and gelatine and water and stirred up the liquid in a cup. She poured it into a saucepan, and put the saucepan on the fire.

There was a great pile of clothes to be washed, but Miss Cumfrey had forgotten it. She sat close by the fire in her mother's chair, stirring the pan with a wooden spoon, vague thoughts passing through her mind, turning round and round like the bitter mixture in the pan, thoughts of the doctor and her mother and Aunt Flo and Uncle Fred and Smokewort and the jet necklace and Mrs. Watson's funeral and the smell of Mr. Marsden's pigsty. Twilight crept up and darkened the windows. Miss Cumfrey rose to light the lamp and sat down again, unthinkingly. She went on stirring the pan, and it was as though she were stirring her whole life into the mixture, all her vague anger and barrenness and resentment, the harsh bitter taste of Jericho, the yellow walls and sour streams. And at last the mixture was done.

she poured the thick yellow fluid into a flat greased tin, and put the tin into a big dish of cold water, so that it might cool quicker. It lay there on the table in the middle of the room, giving out bitter vapour. Miss Cumfrey lit a candle and went to her mother.

'They're nearly ready,' she said to the dim old shape in the bed. 'What's nearly ready, Edith?' said her mother, waking up with a start. 'I must have dropped off for a minute.'

'The Smokewort Lozenges.'

'Smokewort? I won't take it, Edith. I won't take it. I want the medicine the doctor left, Edith.' Her voice died away in a vague, idiotic muttering.

Miss Cumfrey's hand trembled with anger so that the shadows danced on the wall from the candle she was holding.

'The doctor's an —— an old fool. These lozenges will do you good. It says so in the book, Aunt Flo's book.'

She put down the candle and went out, leaving her mother sobbing querulously to herself. Miss Cumfrey muttered too as she went downstairs and stood by the kitchen table, watching the mixture harden in the tin. Very soon it was a hard jelly. She took a knife and cut diamond-shaped lozenges out of it, holding each up to the light, and admiring the firmness and yellowness. Suddenly she remembered the sweets she used to buy as a little girl. There had been a certain kind that looked like these lozenges. These were not sweet, they were bitter as gall.

She put a handful of them on a plate, and took them up to her mother. Mrs. Cumfrey turned her head away as soon as she saw them.

'Now don't turn away, Mother,' said Miss Cumfrey in a harsh voice. 'I've taken a lot of trouble with these lozenges. They'll do you more good than the doctor ever will, *I* know.'

She was filled with a blind angry faith in the efficacy of the lozenges she had made. It was just like her mother to be awkward. For all she had done for her, all the sacrifices she had made. None of her brothers and sisters had ever made or ever would have made such sacrifices. She did not know exactly what the sacrifices were, but now they seemed to stand in the room with her, those fathers, those past years, watching her mother by the light of the flickering candle. And now her mother would not even eat

the lozenges she had made for her. Miss Cumfrey's lips were thinner than ever as she took up one of the lozenges in her finger.

'Now here you are, Mother,' she said. 'Just try this one, and tell me if you don't feel better.' She held it out towards her.

'I don't want it, Edith,' Mrs. Cumfrey whispered, shivering uneasily under the bedclothes. 'I don't want it.'

Miss Cumfrey's implacable fingers still held the lozenge to her mouth. At last Mrs. Cumfrey took it in between her tooth and gums. Her yellow face wrinkled in disgust.

'Oh, it's so bitter, Edith! Ugh!'

Obscene and old, her face working, she spat out the lozenge against the counterpane. There was silence for several minutes. Then Miss Cumfrey gave a harsh cry.

'Mother! How could you? After all I've done! If you won't eat them, I'll eat them myself!'

She crammed three or four of the lozenges into her mouth after the other, and for some moments was silent, struggling against the shuddering that came from the bitter juice.

'They're doing me good already!' she said at last. Her face was white and strained. She felt a fiery cold run through her hard body. She sat down for a moment on the bed, and closed her eyes. 'Doing me good already!' she repeated.

From below came the sound of a car driving up to the door, and a moment later a loud knocking.

'It's the doctor, Edith,' said Mrs. Cumfrey.

Miss Cumfrey gripped the bed-rail. 'I'm not letting him in, that old fool!' she said in a whisper.

'Why, what's the matter, Edith?' cried Mrs. Cumfrey. Edith did not reply.

The doctor went on knocking. At last he opened the door and let himself in. A bitter smell came to his nostrils. 'What the devil is he doing here?' he said to himself loudly, looking at the withering flowers on the table, the open book, the tin of yellow evil-looking jelly. 'What the devil's been going on here?' He heard Mrs. Cumfrey give a feeble shriek overhead, and turned and ran upstairs.

Miss Cumfrey sat on the bed, staring in front of her with large eyes, her arms folded. 'It's doing me good already!' she repeated again and again, nodding her head. The lighted room faded from her eyes, and a train of unbidden images passed before her.

all the objects in her trunk downstairs, trinkets and glove-tuckers, postcards and photographs in gilt frames; she saw the covered wallpaper in the room where she was born; and now she saw the young Church Army Captain turn and smile at her. She had never been certain of it before, but now she knew. It was a Sunday. Her head was ringing, her whole body throbbled with pain, grew stiff and numb. 'It's doing me good!' she repeated. 'What's happened?' said the doctor.

'She took those lozenges,' said Mrs. Cumfrey, beginning to

'Lozenges?'

'Yes, Smokewort Lozenges.'

'That smell's not Smokewort,' said the doctor. 'It's deadly poison! She's poisoned, that's what she is, poisoned! Quick, I want salt and water, and a basin!'

He ran downstairs, shouting. A moment later he was back with a glass of salty water. He took Miss Cumfrey's hand, which was already turning cold and blue.

'Here, take this, quickly,' he said, putting the glass to her lips. 'Quickly!'

Miss Cumfrey's eyes opened, and she saw the doctor for the first time. She struggled to sit upright, fighting with the fierce pain. She shot out her bony fingers blindly towards him. She knocked the glass out of his hand.

'The lozenges are doing me good! I tell you they're doing me good!' she cried in the doctor's face.

Quite suddenly her body became rigid and slid to the floor. She did not give a cry. The doctor shook his head. It was some time before he noticed that old Mrs. Cumfrey had fallen into a coma.

HANS F. REDLICH

REBIRTH OF ANCIENT MUSIC

PERIODS of declining creative activity are marked by a affirmation of historical values. Ages with vigorously outlined styles of their own rarely show an inclination to study the history of their creative art.

Historical research flourishes mostly on the fringes of world events, in transitional periods between the golden ages of cultural development. Thus, during the decay of the Roman Empire Alexandrinism proved itself useful for the preservation and commenting of ancient Greek literature. At the watershed between Renaissance and Baroque, medieval and modern times, Humanism sprang up as an artificial revival of the ancient conception of Music alone remained buried in the dusty tombs of indecipherable documents. Music, the most sublime, the most truly ethereal of the arts within the 'scholastic' quadrivium, has proved also to be the most transitory.

For many centuries the musical tradition was transmitted chiefly by word of mouth, as within a masonic guild. Early alphabetical signs and rhythmical accents (inaugurated by Greeks and Byzantines) changed gradually into hieroglyphs. The important inventions of staves, measured notes and different clefs, extend over several centuries (commencing roughly with the year 1000).

What to-day is labelled 'Gothic music', grew up from 1200 to 1500 in the historic space between the crusades and the age of geographical discovery. This was a period of highly nervous emotionalism, decline of Catholic influence and the erosion of the atmosphere of the courtly age of chivalry.

The music of that time was built entirely on a foundation of historical misinterpretations. Amongst these there are two outstanding errors: firstly, an idea of tonality, which consists principally of a misunderstanding of the tonal system of the ancient Greeks; and secondly, a creative system of increasing polyphonical interpretation of the traditional liturgical Music.

ain-chant), which, actually, was the complete opposite of its contrapuntal derivatives: i.e. rigid oriental monody.

These historical mistakes, which are understandable in view of the incompleteness of the musical tradition in those times, proved that they were fertile by providing the germs of a new artistic development which was modern dualistic tonality, and the formal pattern of modern instrumental music. Yet musical development generally appears to slow down considerably for the first time in 1600. After centuries of increasing polyphonical experiment, carried on insensitive to the meanings of the words which were usually sung, a new generation, disciplined by Tasso and Guarini, began to rediscover the inexhaustive sources of melody in the poetic word. Medieval morality and mystery play, courtly 'torneo', ballet and Madrigal comedy, pressed urgently forward towards the invention of something entirely new. In this atmosphere of cultured sensibility the desire to revive the Greek tragedy arose quite naturally. But this astonishing venture was not the concern of professional musicians; literary men, amateurs and scientists, were the originators of the idea of a new musical drama. The circle around Bardi di Vernio—a noble Florentine—comprising speculating matadors such as Vincenzo Galilei (father of the great astronomer) undertook this somewhat hazardous enterprise. Again an historical misinterpretation provided a new creative germ. The final result of the endeavours of the Florentine 'Camerata' was not the intended revival of the tragedy of Sophocles and Aeschylus, but a new musico-dramatic pattern: the opera. By now the creative material of music had matured to perfection. It is the great period of Madrigal, Cantata, early opera, coinciding with the important beginnings of an original instrumental music (Concerto grosso, instrumental dance, English original music, early organ music in Germany and Italy).

Between 1600 and 1791—representing the time of music's greatest creative achievements—the feeling for historical values sank to its lowest level. In the course of the eighteenth century only one single and unique personality had a distinct knowledge of the musical past: Padre Martini (1706–89), the great Bolognese, whose most renowned pupil at one time was the fourteen-year-old Mozart. In his 'Saggio di Contrappunto' (1774–75) Martini analysed in a striking manner the majority of the great musicians of the past, revealing their respective achievements to a rather

forgetful generation. To the somewhat frivolous youth of 17th century the period of J. S. Bach and Handel was forgotten still faster than was the operatic world of Monteverdi, Cavalli and Cesti to the rising epoch of Louis Quatorze in 1650.

Gluck, Haydn and Mozart grew up more or less ignorant of their nearest musical ancestors, and this to a degree which it is difficult for any modern mind to perceive. Gluck's transformation of dramatic form (*Orpheus*, *Alceste*, etc.) is only the logical consequence of the early musical drama of Monteverdi (*Favola d'Orfeo*, 1607) which itself was clearly influenced by the ancient Greek tragedies. Yet Gluck himself seems to have been so ill-informed about the intricate craftsmanship of his creative predecessors, that Handel, after meeting his younger rival, felt inclined to exclaim rather scornfully that his cook showed more knowledge of counterpoint than Gluck.

The efforts of genuinely interested musical dilettanti in Vienna (amongst them the court physician, Van Swieten) led to a small Handel Renaissance between 1785 and 1790. For this practical purpose Mozart himself adapted several of Handel's popular oratorios. The manner of his adaptation makes it clear that no idea of historical reconstruction had ever entered his mind. So quite cheerfully, he added horns, clarinets and bassoons to Handel's string orchestra (to which he often even added new viola parts), in the endeavour to achieve modern orchestral effects apparently without any feeling for the particular stylistic requirement of Handel's more organ-like orchestral palette.

The time was obviously not yet ripe. The short Napoleon era in Europe was characterized musically by the antagonism of Rossini's successful art of late opera buffa and the symphonic work of Beethoven and Haydn. The Romantic movement in Central Europe, the Restoration and the peculiar culture atmosphere produced by the Holy Alliance and the severe anti-Liberalism of Metternich, were the chief causes of a rising interest in the creative past of art and music. Among the musical forerunners of the new spiritual movement may be mentioned E. T. A. Hoffmann and W. Wackenroder, with their enthusiasm for the religious music of the late Baroque. They are followed by J. Thibaut's famous pamphlet, '*Von der Reinheit der Tonkunst*' (1825), which claimed Palestrina as the outstanding model on purely vocal lines (this itself a considerable self-deception, as modern research was ab-

affirm) with a significant polemical side glance towards the tired Romanticism of the late Beethoven and his contemporary powers. The antiquarian enthusiasm for Palestrina produced a reaction on the important movements of the 'Caecilians', who were not on the revival of a strongly conservative catholic church-music, a movement which even at times influenced Franz Liszt in his later religious compositions.

Meanwhile the signs of a decline in creative activity being accompanied by an increasing appreciation of historical values became more frequent. In 1829, the twenty-years-old Felix Mendelssohn performed for the first time, after a lapse of a full century, J. S. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. Modern listeners would not have found the performance, with its unhistorical methods of interpretation of the accompanying figured bass, rather an awkward experience. In 1834, C. von Winterfeld published his *Mariäli und sein Zeitalter*, which, assisted by almost modern research methods, gave for the first time valuable insight into the works of Monteverdi, Schuetz and their important followers. In the middle of the nineteenth century the complete critical editions of the works of J. S. Bach, Handel and H. Schuetz began to appear gradually. The great influence which these editions exercised on contemporary music is revealed in the subsequent works of Wagner, Liszt and Brahms. The *Meistersinger* reflects personal impressions of Schuetz performances which Wagner must have attended at the Royal Chapel of Dresden during his appointment there at the Court Opera. *Parsifal* employs the medieval Saxon 'Amen' as a chief motif of the opera, whilst tunes from Palestrina are woven into the orchestral tissue. Liszt's *Christus* oratorio is obviously influenced by the counterpoint of early Flamands. Brahms, on the other hand, works as editor ofUPERIN, Schuetz, Eccard and J. S. Bach. The predecessors of Bach's organ music and the champions of late medieval polyphony can be clearly traced in his Choral Preludes for organ (op. 121) and in his *a cappella* Motets.

The official foundation of musicology as a science recognized by High Schools took place in the early 'eighties. The 'Denk-maler' edition, comprising the whole available output of music during the Middle Ages, was first issued in Austria and Germany, and to be followed by similar enterprises in France, Belgium, Holland and England. The deciphering of ancient Greek musical

MS. was being tackled by the 'fifties, the translation of the mod music of the early Middle Ages was started methodically in the 'eighties. To these scientific achievements of the nineteenth century may be added the research on Madrigals and Claudio Monteverdi during the first decades of the twentieth century. During these years the level of creative music had fallen considerably. Wagner's slogan, 'Kinder, schafft Neues' ('children: make something new') died away without meeting with response. The decades of thriving musicology which followed (1880-1914) are but sparsely accompanied by great musical personalities. Wagner, Liszt and Brahms infringe on the productivity of the successors, Richard Strauss, Mahler, Bruckner and Schoenberg. Only France, Russia, Hungary and—in the course of the present century—England were able to establish new schools of musical thought on a strongly emphasized national basis. In Central Europe, Sonata and Symphony were gradually fading, and the dynamism of Wagner's musical drama was dying down. A period of experiment in different musical styles began after the interval of the last war—a movement which would be inconceivable without musicological research being carried on simultaneously. It seems now that this period is approaching its limit without even having established a musical colour of its own. The age of wireless, gramophone, sound film, television, and all the mechanical means of distributing music has not succeeded in creating any new musical pattern.

On the other hand, the Alexandrinism of modern music history and musicological research has proved its ability fairly well. For twenty years it has been the earnest endeavour of the science to reconstruct the musical performing practice of the remote epochs, the musical notations of which have been deciphered after half a century of incessant toil. The most sensational discovery of musicology during the last years, now firmly established, is, that ancient music was actually performed in a way quite different from that suggested by a first glance at its notation. Moreover, this notation may be regarded merely as a mnemotechnical aid to the creative memory of the performer. Such creative reconstruction of the real sound of ancient music could at best be compared with the pictorial supplement of a weather worn fresco or the sculptural completion of an ancient torso. The matter of deciphering set apart, the problem of early

ieval music—especially as far as the choral compositions of the great Flamands up to Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso are concerned—could be outlined in the following way: whether a faithful revival of these works should present them in *a cappella* (according to their traditional notation) or enhanced by instrumental accompaniment (the mere existence of which can be gathered from many contemporary paintings and woodcuts, although no direct indication about the possible use of instruments has yet been traced, save for some vague hints in theoretical treatises). The same problem of the practical interpretation of sound applies largely to Frottola and Madrigal, which certainly have been performed more often in the shape of instrumental consort than as a purely vocal ensemble. Some modern musicologists (as, for example, A. Schering) go even so far as to assert that the choral works of the great Flamands may have been executed almost entirely instrumentally—with the exception of leading vocal part. Regarding the enormous sustained notes of the ‘Tenor’ (bearing the particles of the plain-chant) in these positions, one may easily feel induced to fall in with this somewhat extravagant suggestion. Modern research has also established that the time-value and beat of these works was different from to-day, a fact that can best be taken into practical consideration by halving or further subdividing the value of the ‘Brevis’ according to modern time-proportions. A faithful interpretation of such music must therefore consist of (1) a clear deciphering of the notation; (2) a division of all time-proportions; (3) modern notations for the missing dynamic indications; (4) a full instrumental score on the lines above mentioned.

Perhaps the most problematical prospects are offered by the music of the late Renaissance and early Baroque, which have undoubtedly laid the psychological foundations for every modern musical expression. This music is based on the new harmonical language (or in technical terms, on the figured bass), the figures of which indicate the rich harmony, which has to fill up the space between the monodical melody and the thorough bass. This new manner of musical designing gradually takes the place of the old polyphonic part-books, thus presenting the modern interpreter with a number of unsolved questions. In fact, great musical works with orchestral accompaniment, operas and oratorios for voices and instruments, are written in this whimsical

manner. For example: Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), the father of modern musical expression, demands on the first page of the original edition of his *Favola d'Orfeo* (1607) no less than thirty-six scrupulously named instruments, but only in a few cases he has taken the trouble to write their respective parts. Mostly one has to rely on general indications at the top of a musical number, so as 'Questo balletto fu cantato al suono di cinque viole, da braccio, tre chitarroni, duoi gravicembali, arpa doppia, un contra basso da viola e un flautino alla vigesima seconda', but without the slightest hint as to *where* these instruments should actually step in. In his great liturgical work *Vespro della Beata Vergine*, 1610, which shows some technical improvements as regards the standard of modern scoring (some instrumental parts being written out in an odd kind of half score), Monteverdi exaggerates his liberality towards performers to the point of leaving it to them to decide whether the instrumental interludes in this work should actually be played or not. 'Ritornelli si ponno sonare et anco tralasciare secondo il volere'. His last great operatic work, 'L'Incoronazione di Poppea' (1642) with its theme, the love between the Roman Emperor Nero and Poppea, is throughout written in two staves: singing part and figured bass, leaving the substitution of a full accompanying orchestra to the discretion of the actual performer.

Without solving these problems, the greater part of musical development between 1300 and 1750 remains barren and silent monuments of an entombed past. If awakened to life in the proper manner—by the substitution of adequate musical accompaniment by setting out in full the proper harmonies of the figured bass according to the practical customs of the respective period, by proper mathematical reduction of time-proportions and cleavage, and adding of dynamic indications—this great music, and especially the specimens of earliest modern music (originating between Renaissance and Baroque) may have on the present time the effect of a healthy tonic upon an exhausted mind. Rebirth of ancient music in the true and faithful spirit of its time may prove to be a greater achievement to our present age of experimental despotism and artistic futilities than any new musical movement instigated by constructive theories but lacking the natural support of great inspirations.

HARRY RÉE

KITSCH, CULTURE AND ADOLESCENCE¹

RECENT articles of Orwell, Richards, and Greenberg in *Horizon* suggest that the Avant-Garde was using the lull created by the war to send back scouts to take a peep at the Rear Guard, and report on what they were getting on. The readers of these articles are of one or two groups, those above the battle, who found their interest revived by this personal introduction to a new acquaintance, and those who come across the Rear Guard continually in their daily lives, who are genuinely interested in it, probably because they have a direct or an indirect interest in education. It is to the second group that A. J. Jenkinson's book will appeal.

Mr. Jenkinson has been a lecturer in Education for six years, but like all good lecturers, he dispels the dinginess of the lecture room by displaying, from the moment he mounts the rostrum, a liveliness and a broadness of mind which are exceedingly refreshing. In this book he attacks the problem of inducing boys and girls of twelve to fifteen years to read good literature for pleasure, and he attacks from the right angle, by finding out from them, by means of an intelligently designed questionnaire, what they actually do read for pleasure, and why; what they are forced to read in school, and why.

His choice of age group is important. In more ways than one this is the 'difficult' age, so that when teachers, in their impatience to lead children to the appreciation of good literature, force it down their unwilling throats, they are publicly sick, for that is the pabulum they want.

At this age self-consciousness is developing. Boys become intensely aware of themselves in relation to and in comparison with others. They are full of uncertainties, doubts, suspicions, which they seek to hide by many widely differing devices: by exact conformity, by aggressiveness, by a fearful reluctance to

¹*What Do Boys and Girls Read?* By A. J. Jenkinson. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

let themselves go. . . . In the throes of an emotional development which may be tempestuous, and is certainly obscure and devious, they suspect all expressions of emotion. The very stuff and fabric of much, of the bulk, of our finest literature is emotional. To the Middle School boy lyric poetry is "sloppy"; analyses of the "grande passion" are "daft".

'This is equally the age of action—of delight in games, devotion to practical hobbies. Descriptions bore him, reflections, contemplations, musings are "dry".'

"Sloppy", "daft", "boring", "dry": such are his unprompted reactions to the appeals of literature.'

Adventure stories hold the largest place throughout this age. School stories to a decreasing, detective stories to an increasing extent. Love stories do not enter into boys' reading till fifteen though with girls they fit into the same place as detective stories with boys. All this reading, in Mr. Jenkinson's opinion, fulfils a necessary function for the adolescent, providing him with wishful fantasy, with a justifiable escape from a world to which he is attempting to adjust himself. School reading, on the other hand, seems to be so designed that it has no function, unless it be the unconscious one of turning children away from good literature in disgust, because it is presented to them too soon.

Merely as a statistical appendix to Orwell's article the chapter 'Do boys read "Bloods"?', is highly instructive. The *Wiza* scores the highest points for almost every age group, averaging 70 per cent, compared with the *Magnet's* 20 per cent, and the *B.O.P.'s* 10 per cent. The average boy of twelve reads about four 'bloods' per month; this figure remains constant for boys in Senior Schools, but decreases regularly every year in the case of the Secondary School boy. This is instructive in giving an indication of the considerably lower mental age of the boy in the Senior School, and Mr. Jenkinson does not fail to point out the illogicality of a system which turns this one out upon the world two or three or more years earlier than the other, and he adds in a footnote: 'Of course it must be admitted that the objective of the State system, of scholarships, of the educational ladder, is to give education to those who deserve it most, not to those who need it most. The concepts of "scarcity economics" prevail in education. His attitude to 'bloods' is salutary, for he points out that the

ing of them is 'analogous to milk teeth rather than to measles; a stage of growth, not an ailment'. He recommends that teachers should make themselves acquainted with 'blood' literature, even going so far as to arrange a fortnightly 'blood bourse' (change) in form.

It must now be clear that the whole question studied by Mr. Jenkinson involves development from Kitsch to Culture. School teachers are in a peculiar position with regard to Kitsch. They have had leisure and education enough to enable them to see through it, and with the best intentions they try to force their pupils to see through it, without realizing that they will never succeed if their pupils don't want to. Some of them are even so stupid as not to realize that their pupils don't want to. The result is that the pupils revolt, employing that most effective method of school revolt, passive resistance, and that they turn with relief, out of school, to the culture which they can understand, and which is provided for them in abundance. Mr. Jenkinson's book is a plea for the teachers to come down from their rostrums, to move among the crowd, to recognize the necessity for school stories, adventure and detective stories during those Middle School years. 'Tadpoles', he says, 'do not flourish on dry land'. The examination system, the syllabus for School Certificate arranged by the Universities, is largely to blame. 'The don assassinates the schoolboy—at third hand. Murder is a fine art.'

This book will not change the methods of the crusty conservative schoolmasters (nothing will), but for students and for younger teachers to read and learn from, and even to lend hope to their older colleagues and headmasters, it is invaluable.

SELECTED NOTICES

James Walpole. R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Duckworth. 16/-.

James Walpole, historian, scandalmonger, and fine flower of Georgian Whig aristocracy, had ever in mind when he wrote his letters (at rather than to his friends), a Posterity 'an hundred and fifty years after the time', whose glamour might have been greatly diminished for him had he recognized in it our present generation. Walpole's shade has recently been summoned as 'the

first surrealist', author of *The Castle of Otranto*, the cream of beloved Strawberry Hill, that itself realized in construction a furnishing, a fantasy not less strange than the wildest pages of a novel itself.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer is not concerned with any such transséance, but with the duller duties of the biographer, assessment and vindication—dull because 'Horry' was not one of those saints whose virtues are more interesting to discuss than their failings. Mr. Ketton-Cremer fails to convince us of the value of Walpole's tea-party political activities. Nevertheless, the charming, cultured, witty, and highly original figure of Horace Walpole emerges as Mr. Ketton-Cremer draws him, in a zenith of good taste and elegance—for Hanoverian aristocracy was still *parvenu* to its own refinements. Walpole, who 'held nothing as cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one', who had 'met Pope, and lived with Gray', who could not do with Dr. Johnson, and who put Chatterton in his place, has all the intellectual finesse that the eighteenth century seemed more to reside in England than in encyclopedist France. Walpole and Gray, the quintessence of Eton and Cambridge, still represent a high-water mark of culture that no one since has even pretended to touch again; while Walpole's women friends, eccentric Lady Mary Coke, flamboyant Kitty Clive, old Lady Suffolk with the anecdotes of a King's mistress, and, above all, old blind Mme du Deffand, show up, for example, Byron's circle of women as the shabby Mayfair they were. With scholarship that is never pedantic, Mr. Ketton-Cremer draws a faithful likeness—and this, short of such provocative falsification as Macaulay's famous essay, is the best service that a biographer can render.

KATHLEEN RAIN

Journey Through the War Mind, by C. E. M. Joad. Faber and Faber. 8/6.

Dr. Joad's journey, more precisely described, perhaps, as a hike or ramble, began in the north of Scotland at the outbreak of war, when the author arrived at the shooting lodge of his friends to find that they had left hastily, and that he was obliged to escort their keening basque cook to London. Dr. Joad carried in his pocket a copy of *Tom Jones*, in which he discovers (to his surprise) that the jovial Fielding sometimes wrote of mankind

y much the same terms as Swift or Shaw. Are we 'the most malicious Race of Little odious Vermin that Nature ever suffered crawl upon the Surface of the Earth'? Dr. Joad seeks an answer by examining the opinions and acts of a selection of his acquaintanceship. Mr. A, for example, is in favour of the war because it will stamp out Hitlerism and make way for the United States of Europe. Mr. B (Sir Algernon B——?) is going to enjoy war because at last we have the Bolshies against us, and he quotes endless figures to prove that, with our resources, we can't lose. Mrs. C hates the Huns and hopes that the whole race will be exterminated. Mr. D, a 'reasonable' pacifist in the fortunate position of not being liable for military service, is allowed over forty pages to explain his point of view: 'I know that war is morally wicked just as I know that it is wicked to torture a kitten or betray a friend. . . . When I say that war is intellectually stupid, I mean . . . (a) that it doesn't achieve any of the results that it proposes to achieve; (b) that history shows that it doesn't, and has shown this not once but many times; and (c) that, even if it did, the value of the results would be totally disproportionate to the amount of suffering and evil involved in their achievement.' At the moment he proposes to save his breath to cool the post-war cauldron, to ensure a reasonable peace settlement. Mr. E, a philosopher busy working out a religion for our times, proposes to start a new monastic movement with surplus C.O.'s, and has managed, with some success, to free himself of 'the bondage of desire'. Miss F, a faithful communist, makes a long and ingenious apology for Stalin; for her, on the other hand, it seems that 'the bondage of desire' is what makes the whole world kin. A certain Mr. G is mentioned later; H may be reserved for the reader, I for the reviewer—and J, of course, for Joad.

Dr. Joad, it appears, does not believe in belief: 'For my part,' he says, 'I have long held that intensity of belief combined with a willingness to take action in accordance with one's belief is responsible for a large part of the misery and suffering that stain the tragic pages of human history.' Nevertheless, he ventures to name the villain of the contemporary piece. The Sovereign State, he thinks, must go and in its place the Federal State must arise out of the ashes of the present conflict. One doubts if this can in fact be achieved without intensity of belief sufficient for action on a very large scale indeed, but, after all, one cannot expect the plan of

a new Jerusalem to be presented in the course of an intellectual ramble—and as a Rambler Dr. Joad's reputation is as considerable as his competence at the art of popularizing the opinions of others.

COOPER MAKI

George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, by Hugh Ross Williamson. Duckworth. 15/—.

Unpretentiously and very accurately Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson describes his book as a 'study for a biography'. The life of a King's Favourite, who for more than ten years ruled England, could hardly be compressed into one volume; he has therefore confined himself to a lucid account of Buckingham's personal life, supported on a bare framework of politics and enlarged with a selection from his letters. It goes without saying that Mr. Ross Williamson rejects the fuddled Victorian attitude towards Buckingham's relations with James I, and defines the angle of his approach in his first sentence by calling him 'one of the great courtesans of history'. So, of course, he was, but being a man who was able at the same time to exercise the highest functions of state. A King's mistress may be a nuisance and a danger, but her sphere of her direct intervention is limited; that of the Favourite is not. James I was, moreover, one of those muddled beings who seek to justify a physical attachment by the discovery of an imaginary mental perfection in the beloved. It was not enough for him that the Favourite should be Gentleman of the Bedchamber; he must dominate the Council Table as well. The situation was difficult enough with the stupid, indolent but on the whole good-natured Robert Carr as the minion, but when Carr was overthrown by Villiers, an adventurer as unscrupulous as he was ambitious, disaster was imminent. In spite of recent valuable attempts at white-washing, most serious historians are agreed that Buckingham was at best an idle, greedy incompetent. Mr. Ross Williamson makes him selfish, vicious and calculating as well. Even his good nature was a pose. He had not the decency to be grateful to James, but transferred his attentions in good time to the Prince of Wales, and having secured himself in that quarter despatched the trusting, foolish old King with a cup of julep. Mr. Ross Williamson has here raked out a story long discredited, but he makes out so interesting a case and takes into account so many elements in the situation which have hitherto been neglected, that

should awake doubts in all but Buckingham's most blinded artisans. A re-investigation of King James's death seems overdue. This is not a pretty Stuart biography to be put into the hands of a maiden aunt; but neither is it a *Chronique Scandaleuse*. It is a serious essay on a subject which has far too long escaped the attention of our scholastic historians.

The Totalitarian Enemy, by F. Borkenau. Faber & Faber. 10/6.

Professor Borkenau sets out to analyse the forces which we are fighting to-day, and to place them in their true relation to European history in general and the German people in particular. His small conviction that the totalitarian state, in one form or another, is an inevitable development, will not be seriously contested by anyone with a perceptive grasp of European history and conditions. But this conviction is tempered by the hope that the medically diseased German variety of the new state will not triumph over the healthier forms which are on the way to solution among the democracies.

In the earlier chapters, in which he discusses the ideology of the war and the economic structure of Germany, he is exploring ground which has already been over-much travelled, but in his masterly chapter on 'Nazi Mentality and its Background' he enters a new field. Adroitly compressing into forty pages both a detailed knowledge and a profound understanding of German history, he traces the hidden roots of Germany's condition. Her people lack the stability of any common or continuous national tradition; even the Reformation, their greatest contribution to European history, was a disruptive force in their own land. For tradition common to them all, they must hark back to the unflattering savages described in *Tacitus*—and, with pride, they persistently do so. (Does anyone in England speak with nostalgic admiration of the Ancient Britons?) Again the hierarchic military system of the Holy Roman Empire was at odds with the natural commercial development of the country. Last and most serious disaster, foreign erosion and political disintegration in the western and more civilized part of Germany, made way for the domination of the entire country by the most backward of all its provinces. With the Germans, as with the Jews, a passionate belief in themselves as the 'chosen people' was the natural outcome of oppression and disaster. The theory became an important popular

creed in the dark days of Napoleon, but it is worth noticing it had appeared before, during the Thirty Years' War and in chaotic troubles of the sixteenth century.

Doctor Borkenau proceeds from his summary of German history, and the unhealthy mental condition which it has produced, to an observant and wonderfully unimpassioned analysis of Nazi ideology. With quiet humour he traces Hitler's debt to Jewish Messianism and the Roman Catholic Church. The theory of a 'leader' and the inflated belief in a 'chosen people' are both Jewish in origin, while the essential part played by the Devil in the Catholic outlook, as the quintessence of evil, has been taken over in the Nazi world by the Jew, who serves a useful purpose as the incarnate power of darkness.

The analysis of Bolshevism, to which he next proceeds, is good reading but falls short of the other in depth and knowledge. Doctor Borkenau's belief that the saner Western powers will ultimately win the victory makes an encouraging close. But he does not underestimate either the moral force or the economic strength of the enemy, and I confess that I should feel more force in his concluding arguments were I convinced that he has as firm an understanding of English historical development as he has of German.

The Last Ditch, by Louis MacNeice. Cuala Press. 12/6. (Limited to 450 copies.)

This is a delightful little book, not only for the excellent volume in which it is produced but for the sustained lyrical quality of its contents. There is a group of poems (of which two appeared in *Horizon*) written in the shadow of approaching war—poems about places, poems of atmosphere, in which a writer's private sadness, far from seeming irrelevant, gives expression to a very general sense of tragedy. There are also five 'Novelettes' whose characteristic is a placid irony, cleverly but not unkindly stated.

Mr. MacNeice has a sureness of touch which is lacking in the work of most poets of to-day; his use of refrain is excellent. In these poems are slight and we look forward now to more ambitious works with the same high standard of skill and spontaneity.